NOVEMBER, 1904

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to any of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"The Story of Twenty Years" (1885-1905).

In the January number we shall begin the publication of Professor Harry Thurston Peck's *The Story of Twenty Years.* This narrative will run in the magazine through the entire year and will be divided as follows:

I. The Return of the Democracy.
II., III. The First Administration of Grover Cleveland.
IV. The Administration of Benjamin Harrison.
V., VI. The Second Administration of Grover Cleveland.
VII., VIII. The Administration of William McKinley.
IX. Social and Economic Changes.
X. Literature, Education and the Arts.
XI. The Administration of Theodore Roosevelt.
XII. The Transformed Republic.

A Neat Reply.

One of the cleverest impromptu retorts that we know of was lately made by an eminent American scholar to a German professor who had been visiting the Exposition at St. Louis, and who stopped over at Chicago to visit the University there. The American already mentioned undertook to show the visiting German the principal things of interest, and found that his companion was singularly unsympathetic toward whatever was American. Presently the two entered the German seminar-room, set apart for the advanced study of topics relating to Germanic literature and philology. About the room were placed busts of distinguished German authors, and at one end was a bust of Washington. The German professor nosed about, and viewed with satisfaction the bust of Goethe, and those of Schiller, Lessing, Klopstock, and the rest; but when he reached the bust of Washington his face assumed a puzzled air. "Who's that?" said he. "That," said his guide, "is George Washington." The German gave a grunt of disgust. "Why," asked he gruffly, "should anyone think of putting a bust of George Washington in a German seminar-room?" "Because," returned the American blandly, "Washington was the first American who successfully pursued German subjects." Probably the German had never heard of what once took place at Trenton, and, therefore, missed the point of this beautiful retort; but as an impromptu, it could not well have been surpassed.

A Bayreuth Welcome.

The following article, which appeared in a Bayreuth newspaper last summer, has been sent to us by a friend of the BOOKMAN, and we reprint it with grateful acknowledgments, for it is certainly the best of its kind:

Freitag, den 22. Juli, 1904.

A WELCOME TO OUR GUESTS.

Once again after an interval of two years the halls of the Wagner-theatre open themselves upon the green hill, which the master himself thought to be for its loneliness, far away from the trouble of the world, a worthy home of his art.

And following to the voice of the tuba that announces the beginning of the festival representations thousand and thousand of admirers of Wagner's music were coming, happy for being able to abandon themselves again to the never fading charm and enchantment of a representation of the great German master's work,

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A RECENT SNAP SHOT OF JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

here, where these representations are without an idea of any commercial tendance, but conserved in the most genuine tradition.

From all parts of the world enthusiastic troops were coming, as to manifest by their appearance their energical protest against that other enthusiasm professional and precipitant, which, during the interval in our theatre succeeded to carry away across the sea and to throw to market with much noise a jewel of our national art, which the master himself had confided to his family as an inalienable good and which he thought in his house upon his hill preserved like a delicate miracle from the noise of the large publicity.

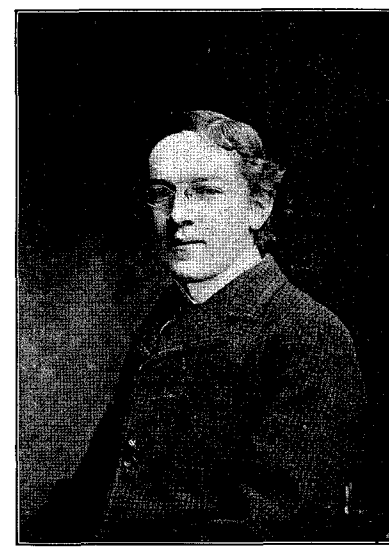
The heart filled with a solemn emotion, the true admirers of the poetry and the music of Wagner pilgrim again to the majestic edifice, where there was prepared since some weeks already with care, love and enthusiasm the work, that will be the delight of our guests! Might they have a pure and untroubled enjoyment!

The inhabitants of Bayreuth also salute cordially the strangers, for the reception of whom they have made all their hospitable preparations. Let us hope that the pleasant town, the green crown of gracious mountains, the fine walks and the honest hospitality will please to our guests and that the simple solidity will give them a little supplement whenever they should have to miss something of their accustomed commodity or of the splendour of abundance.

"Be welcome here in Bayreuth!"

Mr. Upton Sinclair.

Two or three years ago there appeared a book entitled *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*. It purported to be the confessions of a young man of literary aspirations, who found his way to New York only to meet failure at every turn, to suffer from continual rebuffs, to stare actual starvation in the face, and finally to end his own life by jumping in the North River. To lend weight to the last phase of the young man's unfortunate career, there were reprinted two or three clippings from New York papers chronicling the alleged suicide. The book had no success, but for a brief week it made a little abortive splutter. Then a few persons who knew better characterised the book as it deserved, and the *Journal of Arthur Stirling* was heard of no more. We are under the impression that the publishers recalled the edition, and if this was the case it is vastly to their credit. *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* was not a nice book. It was exceedingly vulgar at the best. The author had obtained his material by going about to various publishers and adopting an attitude that assured him a certain amount of copy. A few months after the publication of the *Journal of Arthur Stirling* the author announced himself as Mr. Upton Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair has written another book, en-



UPTON SINCLAIR.

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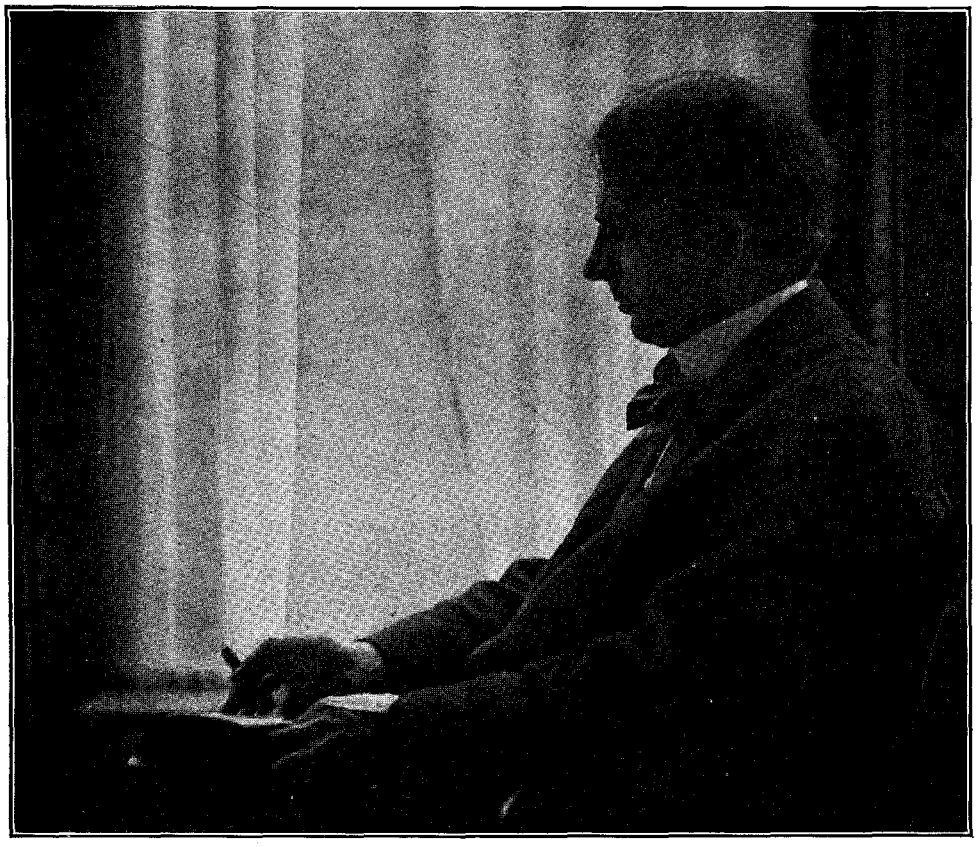

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THOMAS NAST."

titled *Manassas,* and published recently. We take this opportunity of expressing our fervent hope that Mr. Sinclair has come to see the error of his early ways.

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"The Life of Thomas Nast."

This book will be reviewed at length in a later number of THE BOOKMAN. Thomas Nast was a very commanding figure at one period of American history. It was his pencil that in a crude age of art awakened our people to a sense of the power of the cartoon in politics. By most people he is remembered as the man whose terrible pictorial arraignments of the corrupt ring which controlled New York did more than anything else to bring about the downfall of Tweed and his satellites. But the political scope of Nast's cartoons was much wider than this. To him may be traced almost all of the familiar figures of the caricature of to-day. It was he who invented the donkey used emblematically of the Democratic party, the Republican elephant, the cap and the dinner pail which stand for Labour. The last days of his life were singularly pathetic. The consular post that was given him seemed inadequate when the importance of his services was taken into consideration. When he said good-bye to his friends and family and sailed for Ecuador, it was with the conviction that he was going to his death. And so it proved. About a year before that time Mr. Nast, Mr. Paine, and a third man who was keenly interested in caricature were in the habit of dining together once a week at the Players' Club of New York. Out of one of these dinners came the suggestion of the book which Mr. Paine was to write.

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Here is a story which Mr. Nast used to tell at his own expense, and which

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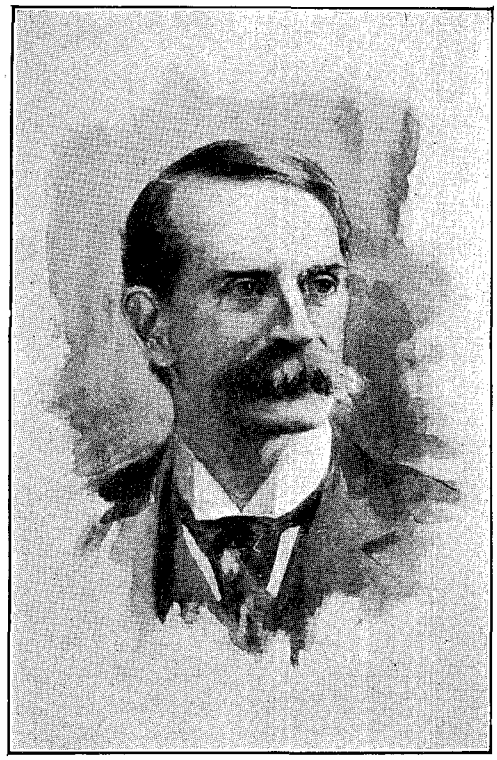


PALMER COX, AUTHOR OF "THE BROWNIES IN THE PHILLIPINES."

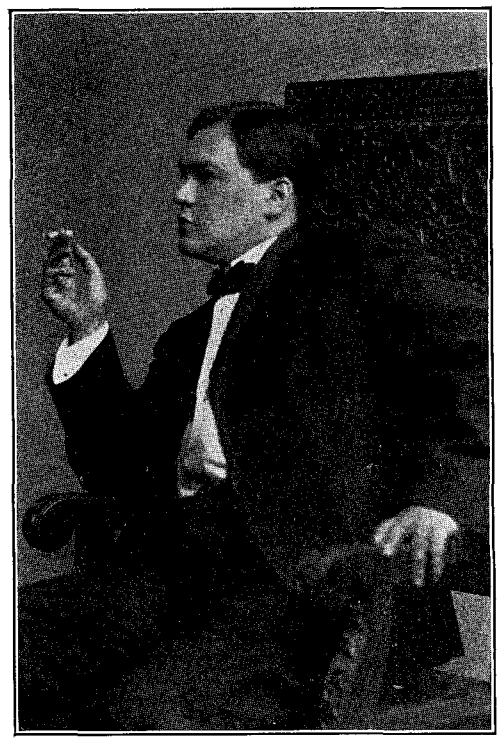
we are certain has never before been printed. At one time he undertook an extended tour of lecturing, illustrating what he had to say on the subject of the cartoon by rapid chalk sketches. Once during this tour he was standing on the platform of a railway station of a town in the middle West awaiting a train, and talking to a leading citizen. Strutting up and down and obviously inviting the attention of every one about was a "drummer" of the most offensive type, extravagantly overdressed and affecting in his manner and walk the most ridiculous eccentricity. Mr. Nast turned to the leading citizen and with some heat expressed his contempt of the "drummer" and his type. That was the class of men, he said, that made us seem ridiculous in the eyes of visiting Europeans and aroused prejudice against us abroad. For some time he kept on in this strain until the leading citizen, smiling broadly, nudged him in the side and whispered: "Say, you know the people think that that's the artist."

"Misrepresentative Men."

There are some pleasing absurdities in Mr. Harry Graham's little volume of burlesques in rhyme called *Misrepresentative Men*, and perhaps the best of them are to be found in his account of our President's life and character. In this period of self-suppression, Mr. Roosevelt will find some comfort in recalling the sort of life which Mr. Graham indicates in the following statement of the President's *carte du jour:*

At 6 A.M. he shoots a bear,
  At 8 he schools a restive horse,
From 10 to 4 he takes the air
  (He doesn't take it all, of course);
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,
Some coloured man drops in to tea.

At intervals throughout the day
  He sprints around the house, or if
His residence is Oyster Bay,
  He races up and down the cliff;
While seagulls scream about his legs,
Or hasten home to hide their eggs.



JAMES BRANCH CABELL, AUTHOR OF "THE EAGLE'S SHADOW."

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THE CREATOR OF OLD GORGON GRAHAM.

THE ORIGINAL OF OLD GORGON GRAHAM.

The Real Gorgon Graham.

Mr. George Horace Lorimer's *Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* and its recently published sequel, *Old Gorgon Graham,* have been so genuinely successful that it is very surprising that so little has been written about the original from whom the figure of the shrewd, epigrammatic pork-packer was drawn. If it was worth while to write a book about the real David Harum, it is certainly worth while to say something of the real Gorgon Graham, especially as he was no less a personage than the late Philip Danforth Armour, merchant and philanthropist. Mr. Lorimer was for a number of years in the employ of Mr. Armour, and we have been positively informed that not only was the chief character of the book modelled after the well-known Chicago pork-packer, but that some of the letters were actually based upon his correspondence.

Trials of the Playwright.

One side of the trials of the budding playwright to-day may be illustrated by two stories that are being told at the expense of a well-known New York theatrical manager. To this manager, a playwright submitted the manuscript of a play based on one of the stories of Edgar Allan Poe. The manager kept the manuscript for some weeks and then wrote to the author asking him to come to his office and see him. "Young man," said the manager, "I like this play. Yes, I do like it. There's good stuff in it. And you tell me you wrote it all yourself?"

"Certainly, except, of course, what I drew from Poe."

The manager thought over the matter. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he said, finally, "I have an engagement this afternoon, but suppose to-morrow—say at ten o'clock to-morrow morning—you and Mr. Poe come around and we'll talk this over."

The same manager is said to have ordered the libretto of a new comic opera from a comic opera writer of established standing. As the time drew near when the libretto should be finished and delivered the manager began to foresee some trouble in the matter of producing it. However, the author was invited to come in and read his libretto to the manager's brother, who would take notes and later describe it to the manager himself. The next day the manager and author met and the former assumed a

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tone of great severity. "How dare you do a thing like this," he roared out, "how dare you take up my brother's time, a business man's time, by reading him such rot as that. How dare a man of your reputation write a thing like that anyway. That's what I want to know."

"I didn't read your brother my libretto," replied the author quietly.

"You did. Of course you did. Why, I was in the next room and heard you."

"Oh, no, I didn't," maintained the author; "you see it was this way. I dropped in and as your brother didn't seem to be busy, to pass the time I read him *The Pirates of Penzance.*"

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The Drama—Mr. David Warfield.

Our dramatic chronicle has had little to say about individual players, and has been almost wholly concerned with the plays. Plays on the whole seemed to present more topics suited to a tardy discussion in a magazine. Besides, even a poor play can be patched up in the memory two or three weeks afterwards, while the exact impression produced by an actor soon vanishes unless he is somewhat remarkable. But last month, despite the production of several plays that were much above the general level, nothing had so lasting an effect as Mr. David Warfield's work in *The Music Master.* The playwright, Mr. Klein, after he had spent himself on the leading character had no energy left over, and when this character was off the stage everybody's mind went with him. Professor von Barwig, the music master, formerly the leader of a Leipzig orchestra, had come to this country in search of his wife and daughter, who had run away with a very stagey and conventional villain. After many years, just as he is about to give up his struggle with poverty and return to Germany, he finds his daughter, now grown up. His wife is dead, but he is determined to punish the betrayer and demand his daughter. She, however, is about to be married, and to persist in his plans would cause a scandal and ruin her happiness, so he gives her up. After her marriage she learns the truth and all ends happily. Von Barwig as he came from the playwright's hand was endowed with some very good lines in a German-English dialect, but heavy laden with sentiment a little too sweet and moist and obvious. The von Barwig that we saw was the result of the most simple, natural and refined bit of character-acting seen on our stage for several years.

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Other players of leading parts could draw a useful lesson from Mr. Warfield's disregard of the rule that a star must always struggle to be conspicuous. Mr. Mansfield's various poses, for example, indicate jealousy of every other person on the stage, and even of the furniture. So eager is he to draw attention to himself that he fairly begs it. Stars generally seem in mortal terror of escaping notice, but Mr. Warfield has no time to spare for these small anxieties. His mind is concentrated on the reality of his part, which he achieves so fully that there is not the least need of elbowing himself into notice. By unobtrusive means he produced an effect that made Mr. Mansfield's pathos in *Old Heidelberg* last year seem coarse in comparison.

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"Business is Business."

Business is Business, the translation of Octave Mirbeau's *Les Affaires Sont Les Affaires,* follows the original closely except for the cutting out of certain political speeches. It is a remorseless study of an unscrupulous and successful manufacturer and speculator who sacrifices his wife's and daughter's happiness to his greed for wealth and power. Old Lechat's noisy gaiety and superficial good nature half conceal his ugly qualities. He is sordid, malignant, merciless, strong in mind and will, lacking all sympathy and comprehension outside the range of his ambition. It is an exotic play, and to the average American audience some of the details are scarcely intelligible, and others absurdly exaggerated. It is a savage attack on certain aspects of capitalism in France, and the types do not hold good in this country, but every one feels its intrinsic sincerity and force. Lechat sums up in himself the worst things a French Socialist could say of the *bourgeoisie.* He is the "vampire that sucks the blood of labour," as Karl Marx puts it. M. Mirbeau is a consistent hater and loyal allegor-

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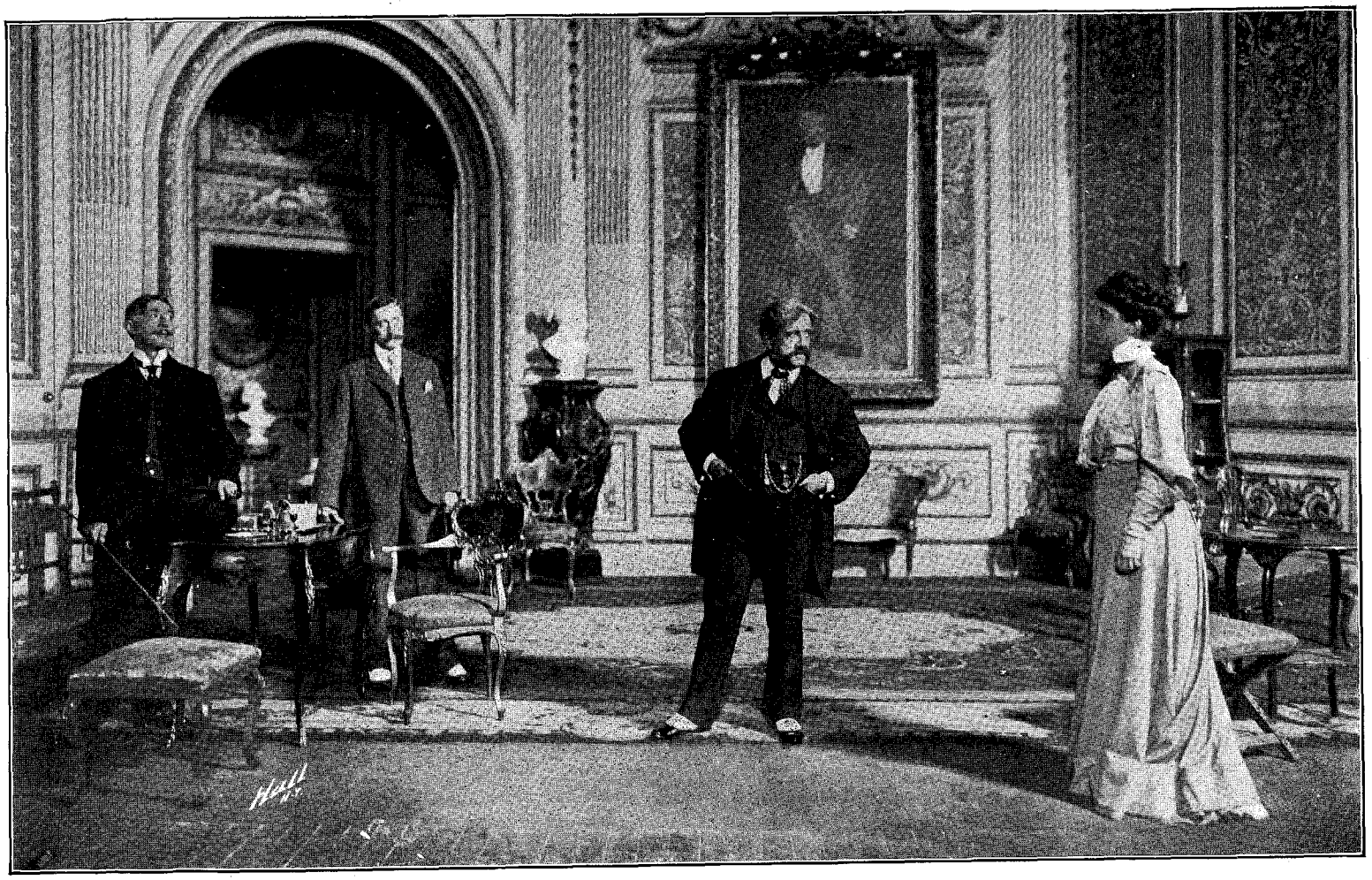

WILLIAM H. CRANE IN "BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

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ist, but for those who care nothing for his purpose, and who miss the allegory, there still remains a remarkably distinct and well-drawn character, in a field where no English or American playwright has succeeded. Mr. Crane's Lechat was a little too amiable. Having appeared for years as an irritable or humorous old gentleman whose heart was in the right place, the habit of innate goodness stuck to him, but he surprised every one by breaking it now and then, and in the crisis of the play rose almost to the author's sinister conception.

In Mr. Pinero's new play, *Letty*, the all-important thing to certain moralists was the fact that the tempted woman did not fall. The aristocratic tempter repented. She was saved and the curtain fell on her living happily in a humble and virtuous home. The main point to us, however, was the narrow range of its interest. Compared with the work of other playwrights it is, of course, excellent, and it is fully up to the level of some of Mr. Pinero's earlier plays; but his absorption in a single theme is becoming monotonous. He is not advancing. He does not even change his route. Much the same kind of people appear in play after play, and they do and say much the same kind of things. In *Letty* he has merely rearranged constituents of the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The Gay Lord Quex,* and *Iris.* It is clever craftsmanship, and Letty's motives are so skilfully handled that you are intent on the great question, Will she or won't she, but the moment it is answered the whole thing drops from the mind as completely as a tight-rope performance.

"Letty."

Weary of being asked to explain the inner meaning of *Candida,* Mr. Shaw turns that play and its serious admirers to ridicule in an amusing bit of nonsense, called *How He Lied to Her Husband.* It is rollicking, irresponsible fun. In one of his delightful prefaces he appeals to us all to take him seriously, but the instant anybody does so he bursts out into a wild laugh and burlesques him. His good pupils bore him. He holds his opinions cheap the minute he sees anyone else wearing them.

The Protean, Mr. Shaw.

In the *Serio-Comic Governess* Mr. Zangwill cannot be distinguished from the class of playwrights he used to upbraid from the lecture platforms. It is a cheerful little play, and gives Miss Cecilia Loftus a chance to repeat her admirable impersonations of leading actresses. The success of *Merely Mary Ann* has evidently decided Mr. Zangwill to shake off all intellectual scruples and aim only at immediate popularity. In *Merely Mary Ann* there were few traces of the talent which he has revealed in his books. In the *Serio-Comic Governess* there was not the remotest suggestion of it. The only reason why the critics did not see how empty it was is because they had formed the habit of expecting something from Mr. Zangwill, and fancied it must be there. They are well aware of the ups and downs of Mr. Clyde Fitch, and unanimously damned his *Coronet of the Duchess,* which promptly and deservedly failed, though the difference in merit between it and Mr. Zangwill's play is hardly discernible. Mr. Zangwill's popular success on the stage is purely mercantile. He has sacrificed to it all the standards that he upheld in his lectures on the theatre, and suppressed all the qualities that distinguish his books. It is probable that he has done so with his eyes open and cynically, but the next step will be self-deception, and he will soon be arguing with himself that there really must be something in the plays because they have succeeded. Of course the plays are well enough in themselves, but the pity of it is that Mr. Zangwill wrote them.

Mr. Zangwill's Decline and Fall.

In London the success of *Merely Mary Ann* has been remarkable, and it is realised that Miss Eleanor Robson has contributed a large share of it. As to Mr. Zangwill's part Mr. Max Beerbohm effectively sums it up:

"Two of the persons in his play, musicians, are discussing the public's taste in music.

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ARTHUR W. PINERO'S "LETTY," ACT IV.

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'You know,' says one, 'what the public wants?' 'Yes,' says the other, 'it wants treacle.' 'Ah,' says the one, 'but it wants a special kind of treacle.' 'I know,' says the other, 'Golden Syrup.' . . . And all the while Mr. Zangwill is methodically spilling jar after jar of the Golden Syrup aforesaid, and smiling bitterly, while the public sprawls and laps it up—sprawls and laps till at length (when the servant girl has inherited a million pounds sterling, and has, after an interval of separation, thrown herself into the arms of the erst haughty aristocrat) the public is sated and sent home smiling a sticky smile of gratitude. The play will run for a very long while—clashing, I hope, with other plays in which Mr. Zangwill will try to give to the stage something of his own remarkable and admirable personality."

MISS LOFTUS IN ZANGWILL'S "THE SERIO-COMIC GOVERNESS."

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MADGE CARR COOK AS "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH."

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MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, AUTHOR OF "REMINISCENCES OF PEACE AND WAR."

Literature at St. Louis.

The various congresses which were held last month at St. Louis not only brought together a remarkable body of literary and scientific men from all over the world, but they were the occasion of some very interesting discussions. Two papers were especially suggestive to students of literature. One, by Professor Paul Shorey of the University of Chicago, gave some very hard raps to those persons who attempt to teach Comparative Literature without themselves possessing a knowledge of the sources from which the great writers of modern times have freely drawn. Professor Shorey cited a number of striking passages which the comparative literature people are accustomed to quote as especially typical of the modern authors in whose works they appear. He then went on to show that each one of them was either paraphrased or closely modelled from a Greek or Roman writer. We shall look forward with interest to the publication of this paper. Professor Brander Matthews made an address on the subject of "Literature in the New Century"—a subject which he elucidated and adorned with a wealth of illustration and allusion, while adhering closely to a line of strictly philosophic argument. The most valuable part of his paper had to do with what he described as the four legacies from the nineteenth century to the twentieth: "First, the scientific spirit; second, the spread of democracy; third, the assertion of nationality; and fourth, that stepping across the confines of language and race for which we have no more accurate name than 'cosmopolitanism.'" We have found nothing in this address to criticise except, perhaps, a rather too sweeping assertion with regard to the principle on which the literature that lives is ultimately sifted out from the literature that is ephemeral. Professor Matthews said:

> "Those books that survive are always chosen from out the books that have been popular, and never from those that fail to catch the ear of their contemporaries. . . . Never has posterity reversed an unfavourable verdict of an artist's own century."

This, we think, is true as a general rule; yet to it there have been at least three conspicuous exceptions. The first

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, THE AUTHOR OF "RICHARD GRESHAM."

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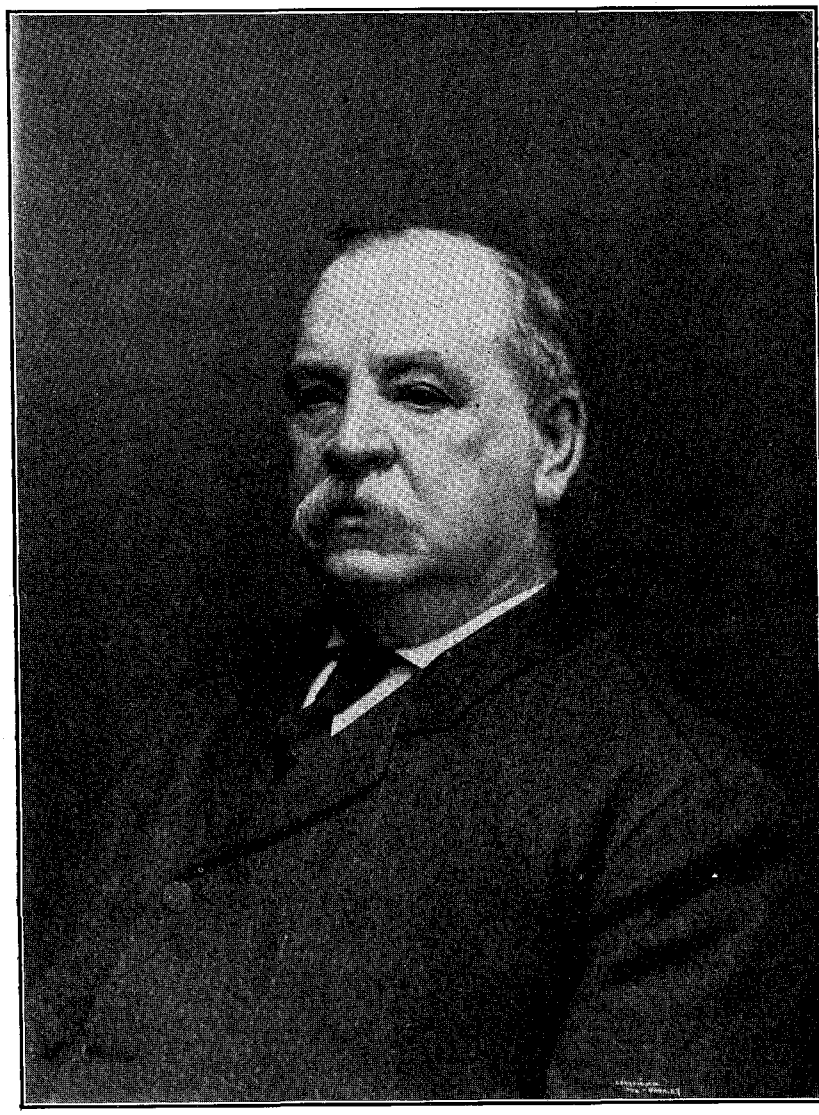
was in the case of Terence; the second in that of Lucretius; and the third in that of Milton.

The "Evening Sun" and "They."

We always feel a certain interest in whatever is superlative. If anything is not supremely good of its kind there is a certain distinction in being supremely bad. Amid all the comment called forth by Kipling's "They," surely the very worst is found in a paragraph which appeared in the literary columns of the New York *Evening Sun*. In it the writer says:

"In one matter Mr. Kipling has failed in this story. He has failed to give any impression of real horror in the characters. Not a single hair quivers as you read it. Henry James—think of what he did in *'The Turn of the Screw'*—or Edith Wharton would have sent delightful shivers up and down your back with such a tale to tell!"



GROVER CLEVELAND, THE AUTHOR OF "PRESIDENTIAL PROBLEMS."

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Picture to yourself the mental condition of a person who could read "They" and then write such a paragraph about it in good faith! Kipling's story is one of sheer loveliness. The gentle spirits that dwell in the old manor house are the spirits of happy children who still play amid the sunny copses, and whose laughter is heard like music by the fireside and in the rooms that have been devoted to their pleasure. And then the man in the *Sun* thinks it is a great defect that these winsome spirits convey no "impression of real horror," that "not a single hair quivers," and that you do not feel "shivers up and down your back" as you read. Evidently nothing but a story of raw head and bloody bones would possess any real charm for this exponent of the acme of critical fatuity.

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The Late Lafcadio Hearn.

The death of Lafcadio Hearn, which took place at Tokio in the last week of September, recalls the story of how he first won recognition in journalism. He had been drifting about the world doing odds and ends without much success and finally one day shuffled nervously into a Cincinnati newspaper office and asked for work. The managing editor looked curiously at the strange figure before him and in a kindly tone asked Hearn whether he had had any experience. Hearn admitted that he had not, said that he did not even know that he could write, that he simply hoped so. The managing editor told him, of course, that there was no vacancy in the staff, but seeing the look of pained disappointment, suggested to the applicant that if he cared to come in occasionally and sit about the office something might happen that would give him a chance. Hearn grasped eagerly at the straw. Morning after morning he would be at the office before nine o'clock and sit there in a dark corner silent and motionless until late at night. The men on the staff were at first hugely amused at his persistence and his odd appearance. But as the weeks went by they gradually became unconscious of his presence.

One day there was flashed into the office the news that a fire of magnitude had broken out in the city; before many minutes it was known that whole blocks were blazing and that the greater part of Cincinnati was in danger of being swept away by the flames. It was the news story of a decade, of a quarter of a century. Every available man in the office was rushed out and hurry orders were sent to those men connected with the paper who were at home. In the midst of the excitement the managing editor caught sight of Hearn sitting in his usual corner, silent and unmoved. The editor gazed at him in amazement. "Don't you know what is happening," he said, "don't you realise that all Cincinnati is in flames and that we are handling the biggest story in the history of this paper? Now is your chance. Go out and see if you can't find something to write about." Without a change of countenance Hearn slowly rose, donned his shapeless hat, and shuffled down the stairs. Late that night the fire was fairly well under control and the staff of the paper was hard at work writing the story that was to appear the next morning. The managing editor had forgotten all about Hearn until, as he was walking up and down between the long desks at which the reporters were dashing off their copy, he came upon him writing laboriosuly and throwing to one side sheet after sheet of paper. With mingled curiosity and amusement he picked up one of these sheets. He read it, re-read it, and then passed quickly to another and another. Finally he gathered them all up and went swiftly up to the composing room, where the managing editor was superintending the make-up of the forms. To the latter he said simply, "Read this." A few minutes later it was known in the office that everything else was to give precedence to the copy that had been brought in by the raw boy who had been sitting unnoticed in the office for so many weeks. When the paper appeared the next morning the reason of these orders was perfectly evident. Hearn's picture of the great fire was wonderful in its power and description. In it you felt the very scorch of the heat and saw all the glory and colour of the flames. It was the story that made Hearn.

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Thereafter he was a very important figure in that newspaper office. His descriptive articles became the talk of Cincinnati and were very widely quoted all over the country. On one occasion he had himself hauled up to the top of the highest steeple so that he could write a description of the city as it appeared from the bird's-eye view. The humour of this was in the fact that Hearn was so near-sighted that everything more than six feet away from him was bound to be nothing more than a confused blur. Nevertheless, his article was an extraordinary one. From Cincinnati he drifted to the South and passed two years in the West Indies, where the tropical life exerted a strong fascination upon him. A curious chance took him to Japan. There he lived among the people, adopted their ideas and language and dress, and devoted his time to study and literary work. He accepted a professorship at the Imperial University of Tokio, became a Japanese citizen and married a Japanese woman. The list of his stories and essays includes *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature, Some Chinese Ghosts, Two Years in the French West Indies, Youma, Out of the East, Reveries and Studies in New Japan, Kokoro, Gleanings in Buddha Fields, Exotics and Retrospectives, In Ghostly Japan, Shadowings, A Japanese Miscellany,* and *Kwaidan.*

Apropos of Lafcadio Hearn, there is a romantic story connected with his parentage. His father was an Anglo-Irishman of excellent family, and highly aristocratic connections, but himself something of a scapegrace. Travelling in Greece, he met a young Greek girl of great charm and beauty, with whom he fell desperately in love. Her brothers, believing that Hearn's intentions were not honourable, waylaid him one night in a lonely place and stabbed him seven times, leaving him, as they supposed, lifeless on the ground. Returning home, they told their sister what they had done. Leaving the house without a word, she found the body of her lover, and dragged it into a neighbouring cave, where for three months she remained with him, nursing him back to life and health. When he was quite restored he married her and brought her to this country, where their son, Lafcadio Hearn, was born. A good many years afterward the father returned to England, and, at the instance of his family, who wished him to make a brilliant match, managed by a technicality to secure a divorce from his Greek wife, whom he then abandoned. Young Hearn never forgave his father, and not only loathed his memory, but detested the very name of Englishman, and throughout his life could never speak of anything English without breaking forth into a passion of virulent abuse.

The "Secret History of To-day."

The author of *Secret History of To-day,* who signs himself Allen Upward, has mangled an idea which the elder Dumas's nimble mind would have greeted with immense delight. Allen Upward's hero is a rather poor combination of d'Artagnan and Sherlock Holmes, who goes about detecting the frauds of contemporary European history and safeguarding reigning sovereigns from assassination. By birth a citizen of the United States, the son of a Polish father, exiled on account of his political opinions, and a French mother, Monsieur A— de V.— showed an extraordinary aptitude for languages and a passion for mystery and intrigue which combined to make him a secret service agent of extraordinary acumen and led to his employment at one time or another by nearly every government of the world. The one thing, however, that Monsieur de V. lacked was a sense of humour. He is as portentous in his narration of these avowed fictions as the late Monsieur de Blowitz was in his stories of alleged facts. He tells you from the beginning that it is all make-believe, and that he himself never really existed, and yet you find yourself looking at him suspiciously as a very shady and discreditable sort of person. The author has made the mistake of colouring his audacity with just a little too much absurdity.

The first exploit of which Monsieur de V. tells concerns the telegram which was the real cause of the outbreak of the War of the Transvaal. According to the tale, the German Emperor did not

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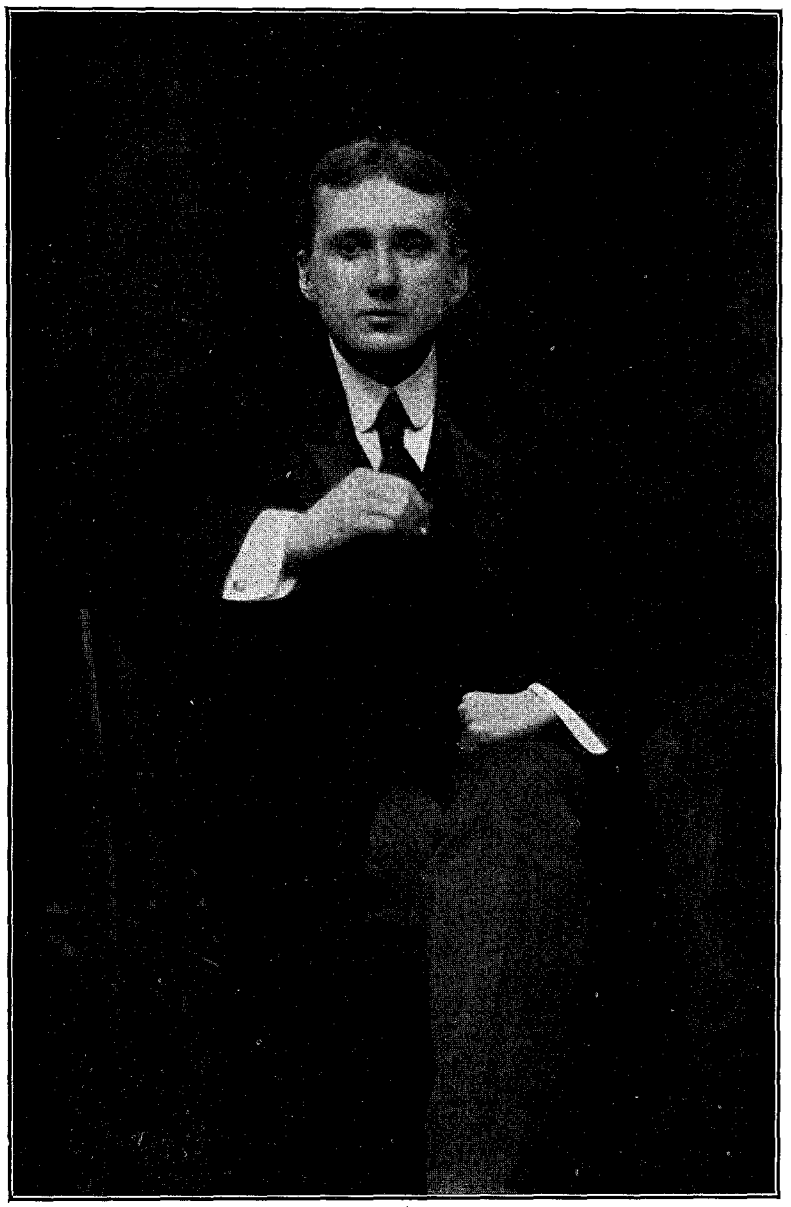
send the telegram at all but was as much surprised as anyone else to read it in the morning papers. He was in the predicament of being able neither to repudiate it nor avow it, because it had aroused so much enthusiasm for himself throughout Germany that repudiation would have weakened his sway, whereas on the other hand, nothing was farther from his mind at the time than a desire to embroil his people in war with England. Monsieur de V.'s account of the blowing up of the *Maine* begins with the startling assertion that had he left his hotel ten minutes earlier on a certain memorable night in the year 1898, the Spanish flag



ROBERT HERRICK.

Mr. Herrick's new novel, "The Common Lot," is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

Photograph by Zaida Ben Yusuf.

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might still be flying over the citadel of Havana. The conviction of Captain Dreyfus he traces through General Mastier to Brussels and Louis Bonaparte, and thence on to the Czar at St. Petersburg. The ruler of all the Russias is again the foil for Monsieur de V.'s cunning in the story of what was behind the rescript calling upon the great military powers of the world to disband their armies and dismantle their fleets, and inaugurate an era of universal peace. Perhaps as good a story as the book contains deals with the assassination of King Humbert. According to Monsieur de V., that crime could have been prevented had the Italian police paid the slightest attention to his repeated telegrams of warning. Some of Monsieur de V.'s conceptions are as daring as that of d'Artagnan when he planned to kidnap General Monk in the midst of his army and to carry him in a barrel from England to Holland, and there to present him to the man who afterwards became Charles II. But in carrying them out he is far from being so convincing.

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On the old question of teaching style some one quotes Mr. Frederic Harrison as follows:

Style.

"An ingenious professor of literature has lately ventured to commit himself to an entire treatise on style, wherein he has propounded everything that can usefully be said about this art, in a style which illustrates things that you should avoid. At the end of his book he declares that style cannot be taught. This is true enough; but if this had been the first, instead of the last, sentence of his piece, the book would not have been written at all. . . . Style cannot be taught. Nothing practical can be said about style. And no good can come to a young student by being anxious about style. None of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature; no, nor one gem to his English prose, unless nature has endowed him with that rare gift—a subtle ear for the melody of words, a fastidious instinct for the connotations of a phrase. . . . Almost all that can be laid down as a law about style is contained in a sentence of Madame de Sevigné in her twentieth letter to her daughter: 'Ne quittez pas jamais le naturel.' . . ."

He instances Madame de Sévigné's letters as a triumph of this principle. Cowper's letters, of which a new edition has recently appeared, admirably edited by Mr. Wright, and containing many that have never before been published, affords perhaps a better example. Cowper is one of the few authors whose best writings were not meant for publication. His poetry is seldom free from the suggestion of artifice or from the reminiscence of what other poets had said. Simple and sincere as he seems in contrast to many writers of his time, he was needlessly confined by precedent and consciously aimed at "style." In the Letters there is not a trace of this. By "taking thought" he made himself only a secondary poet—sometimes a poet with a forced gait. When he did not take thought as to the effectiveness of his phrases he wrote the most delightful letters in the English language. He produced his best literature when least affected by literary solicitude. Another illustration of Mr. Harrison's point may be found in the recently published letters of Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton. There are parts of these unstudied compositions where the charm of his style is as irresistible as in his books.

❧

But after all style is a sort of spiritual accuracy, and to tell men of lesser gifts that all they have to do is to "be natural" is to deceive by an easy-sounding phrase. It means that the soul must be sent to the printer exactly as it is. Cowper and Ruskin found it easy. Mr. Walter Pater sometimes spent a whole day on a sentence. Every writer is egotist enough to wish to see himself on paper; and if it were an easy matter, books would be as delightfully variant as the human beings who wrote them. He grasps his pen, sturdily repeating, Be to thine own self true, but the devil soon whispers, Be literary, and there goes down on paper not his soul nor anybody else's, but a patchwork affair trimmed with literary reminiscences, an unconscious compilation from past successes. The usual pen is a non-conductor so far as the soul is concerned. Fancy guessing the soul of a best-selling novelist from his latest books. We would rather take our chances with a lock of his hair. "Say what you think," says Mr. Frederic Harrison—an exorbitant demand of such as are not geniuses, for a man's skull is a cave of

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the echoes, buzzing with other people's phrases, standards and preferences, and the "styles" of all but the gifted writers are merely studies in mosaic.

Another Literary Controversy.

The agitation caused by Mrs. Atherton's terrible words, "Is American Literature Bourgeois?" had barely subsided when Mr. G. S. Street wrote an article in the September *Pall Mall* that brought on another storm. Our debate was incomparably less entertaining. Mr. Street happens to be a genuine critic, even-tempered, sympathetic, and with a memory so well stocked that he can cite concrete instances at every point. Hence some of the best writers over there found it worth while to take him seriously. He started with the mild and apparently impregnable proposition that the older novel, as we know it from Fielding down to Meredith and Thomas Hardy, is dying out. He promptly makes it clear that he is not one of those tiresome people whose quarrel is merely with the number of our books. "It is a reading age and country, and our people are at present trivial in their interests; inevitably what they read will be trivial also. . . . Novels have been for some time in the air, and a crowd of amateurs has been attracted to the writing of them. It is a fashion, as strumming on the piano was or 'sketching.' . . . The mass of catch-shilling novels, and novels written to soothe an innocent vanity, does not now concern us." The main points that, roughly speaking, characterise the older novel was the leisurely development of the leading characters, who were usually not far removed from average humanity, such as Tom Jones or Pendennis, for example, and the subordinating of the extraordinary or out-of-the-way characters to the general scheme of the book.

"The psychology of the common life of old novels, or the description merely of its outward aspects . . . naturally is not much exercised by itself. . . . The story, the yarn is eternal. . . . I am not sure, however, that the romance, as we generally understand the term, can be said to flourish very remarkably among us. In this respect, at least, it is a pity the old style of novel, with its leisurely combination of features, is no longer the model, because by attending exclusively to the mechanism of their stories and character almost altogether, our contemporary romances run a risk, a risk of failing to interest us. Their stories are ingenious mechanism, very complicated and clever, but we are watching machines, not men and women."

He thinks present-day novelists are at their best in the drawing of striking, eccentric or humorous characters and instances such novels as *Sir Richard Calmady,* and the stories of Mr. Conrad, or in depicting unfamiliar phases of life, as Mr. Kipling's Indian stories or Mr. Zangwill's account of his own people; but he dislikes the tendency to set out deliberately for those themes. "Humorous or eccentric character is not the most fruitful theme of our fiction-writers, as indeed we can hardly expect it should be in an age of spreading uniformity, an age when 'Brown grows liker every day to Jones.'" As to the familiar studies in "low life" he says:

"We are all mixed up in this country; we might all be not very distant relations; you may see an aristocratic face on an unskilled labourer, and a very plebeian one on a peer. We are all very much alike, and I confess I feel ashamed when the speech and manners of my 'lower-class' fellow-citizens are presented to my superior eye as though they were some strange animals."

The Replies—Mr. Andrew Lang.

Some of the answers were pleasantly characteristic of the writers' respective whims or foibles. Mr. Lang disposed of the matter by saying that he did not intend to think about it. An agreeable quality in Mr. Lang is his entire readiness to settle any point by not thinking as well as by thinking. He disposed of the evolution theory the other day in three easy, casual and quite spontaneous sentences—adversely to Darwin, Huxley and Haeckel, we believe. If his mind does not act on any given subject he knows at once that it is the fault of the subject. He is no coward, and he never basely remains silent just because he has decided not to think. He says Mr.

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Street's rather simple proposition is "too subtle for a mere Hegelian like myself," and that he cannot criticise Mr. Street's appreciation of modern writers because "some of them bore me, others I know would bore me if I gave them a chance; of others I never heard." Mr. Street, by the way, does not mention any names that are not familiar to persons of very moderate reading. But if you tell Mr. Lang anything he never heard of, it is always you who must apologise. In this case he advises critics of British fiction to drop the subject altogether.

"The Muse of British Fiction is a fair invalid, always languishing on a sofa, in a shawl, while critical doctors feel her pulse, look at her tongue, and alternately assure her that she is not tight-laced enough, and that she is much too tight-laced; that she must give up distributing tracts, and that she must go on pilgrimages to the slums, that 'she really must make an effort,' try to brighten up, endeavour to be a little amusing; or on the other hand, that she must lecture eight hours a day on 'Smart Society, its Sins and Shames,' on 'Duchesses at Tea,' on 'Biblical Criticism,' on 'The Game Laws,' on 'Society and Revelation,' on 'Science and the Minor Prophets,' and other cheerful and edifying themes. 'Be commonplace, my dear madame, and you cannot go wrong,' murmurs W. D. Howells, M.D. 'Don't be afraid of exhausting yourself. Be exhaustive!' whispers Henry James, M.D. 'Be apocalyptical!' commands Professor Hall Caine; 'nothing like prophecy to restore the circulation.'"

Other Commentators.

Mrs. Craigie proceeds as soon as she can after a polite pretence of relevancy to "the exceedingly vicious conditions of modern life." Life is all too terrible, and it is not strange if writers of fiction "present flattering pictures of the society of our time." Young women nowadays do not inspire "heroic devotion." They are treated at best like "expensive horses or pet dogs," and since there is an "indifference to idealism" in all classes of society, there is no basis for art. Mr. Courtney thinks it is the women writers and readers who are to blame for the fallen state of modern fiction. "Novels," he says, "are now written by women for women." Girls are glib and give lively accounts of their own experiences. Boys often stammer. "Stammering is a masculine defect, I understand, the proportion of male stammerers to female being three to one." Women can follow the "winding curves and spiral advances or retrogressions of human existence," but it takes a man "to produce the finished picture" subordinating details to the whole. Mr. H. G. Wells fancies Dickens come to life and trying to "negotiate" *Bleak House* through his literary agent, Mr. Watt or Mr. Pinker, and depicts the embarrassment of editors and publishers over its enormous size, and tells how Mr. Methuen, who finally accepts it, is obliged to suggest kindly that Mr. Dickens "cut it down a bit."

"In America Mr. Pinker has the utmost difficulty in securing publication at all, seeing there is nothing in it either about colonial America, divorce, Napoleon, or the twelve apostles; and there is subsequently an interesting correspondence between the American publisher, communicating through the medium of an office girl and smeary violet typewriting, and Mr. Charles Dickens, who resorts to holograph and pathos, discussing a project to 'invest the book with interest, and increase its selling value fifty per cent.' by four illustrations by an imitator of Charles Dana Gibson."

In Conclusion.

There is not, of course, any conclusion, nor ought there to be. The basis of Mr. Street's induction is, as he states expressly, the fiction of the last thirty years, and he cites Meredith and Hardy as the last "vital exemplars" of the older and better novel. Now, Mr. Hardy is by no means dead, and he may write another novel. Even if he does not, thirty years is not a long time to wait between geniuses. The methods of current writers are not the main thing, but the quality of their minds. If a man's gifts were equal to Scott's or Thackeray's, we surely may trust them to work their way out whether or not the hero was a "fair example of average humanity." Writers on this subject almost always identify a fashion with a tendency.

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THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER

IX.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION

By Charles Edward Kloeber, Jr.

Among the many things that enter into the making of the American newspaper of to-day, none plays a larger part than the press association. Indeed, it may safely be said that, considering the daily solely in its function as a news medium, the press association is by far the most important factor in its creation. It makes possible the publication of a wide range of news, both foreign and domestic, besides complete market, shipping, sporting and other routine but vastly important reports, and all with an accuracy and detail which, for obvious reasons, chiefly the great expense involved, could not be gathered in anything like their present completeness by any single paper or small group of papers. For instance, The Associated Press expends annually more than $2,000,000, so it becomes apparent that it is beyond the reach of any individual enterprise, even to begin to compete with so extended a service.

In America the press association field is filled by The Associated Press, the Laffan, or New York Sun Bureau, the Publishers' Press Association and the Scripps-McRae Press Association. In the British North American possessions is the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, which, however, confines itself strictly to that territory and, like the many foreign news agencies, serves as an auxiliary to one or the other of the domestic concerns by means of reciprocal arrangements which are more fully explained in another place. Foremost of the American organisations and most familiar to the newspaper-reading public, is that known as "The Associated Press," and because of its prominence, its great scope and its peculiar non-profit earning character, it has been selected for description as typical of the press association as developed in America. Also, it was the pioneer in this kind of newspaper enterprise, and the other associations have been largely organised along its lines, except in the matter of its non-money making quality. This peculiarity of The Associated Press not only makes it unique, but, as will be explained, also lends it somewhat the character of a semi-public institution.

ORIGIN OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

Like all great concerns, it had its origin in very small things, so small, in fact, that it is very doubtful if the little group of New York publishers who conceived the idea even dreamed of the tremendous scope and influence of the present organisation. In 1856 a few New York publishers perceived the possibilities of coöperation in gathering certain classes of news. Each was paying heavily for matter accessible to all, and provision was made for a joint agency to cover certain routine fields. The New York *Herald, World, Times, Tribune, Sun, Express* and *Journal of Commerce* were later parties to this arrangement. Then papers outside of New York sought to buy this news, and thus the New York Associated Press was formed. An agreement was then effected by which these outside papers not only paid for the general news budget, but turned over to the association any news originating in their territory. In the meantime papers west of the Allegheny Mountains, grasping the value of such coöperative methods, organised the Western Associated Press, and the success of the idea being assured, New England, New York state, and papers in Baltimore and Philadelphia formed minor associations which became affiliated with the New York Associated Press, which they paid for the general budget and contracted with for an interchange of news. This general alliance became known as The Associated Press. The organisation, however, soon

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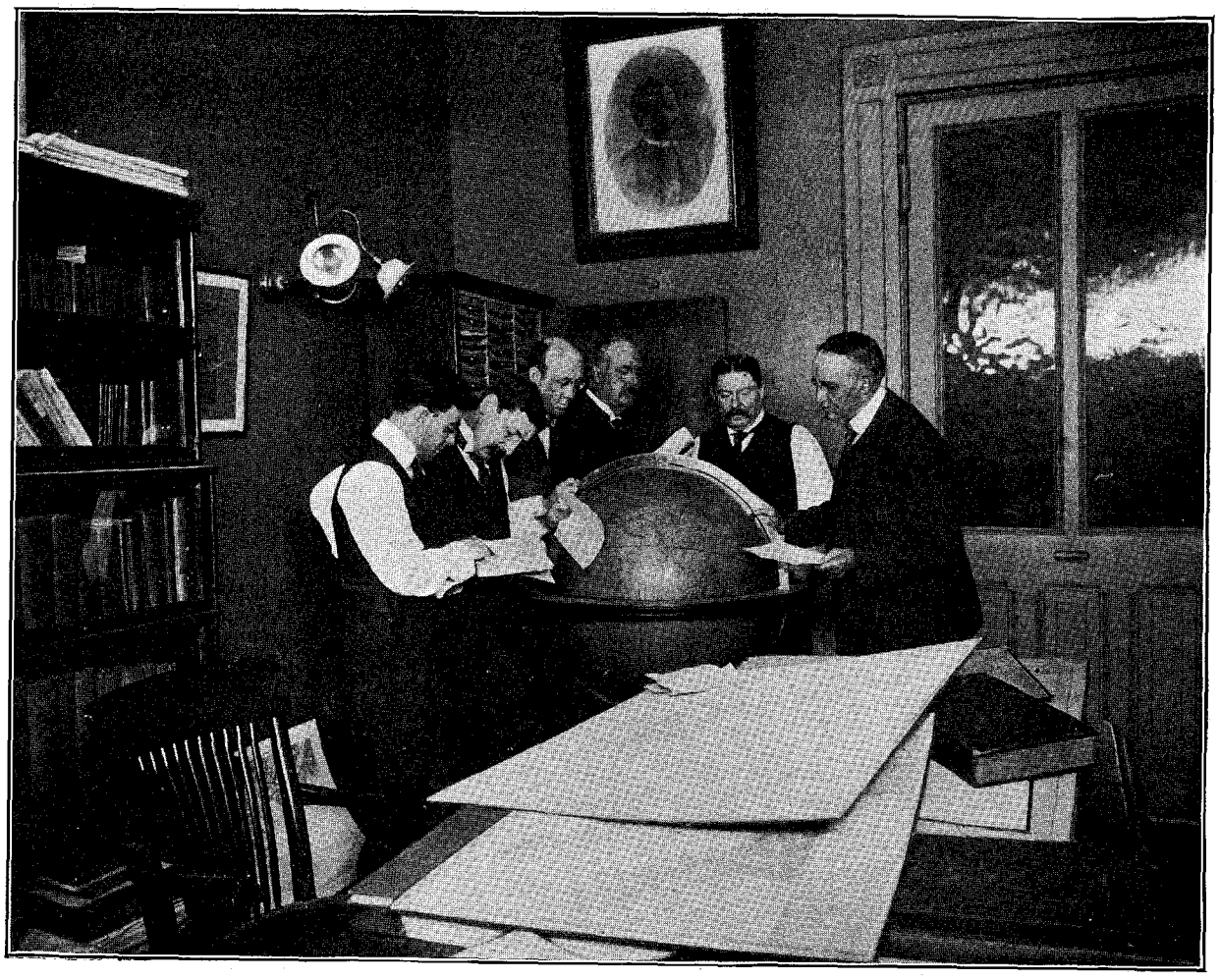

GENERAL MANAGER STONE AND HIS STAFF CONFERRING OVER WAR DESPATCHES.

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developed defects which proved fatal to its continuance, inasmuch as it permitted the little group of New York papers to control its policies and management and to obtain the whole budget at practically no cost to themselves. In other words, it became a money-making concern. The dissatisfaction culminated in 1882 in the revolt of the Western Associated Press, as a result of which a new alliance was formed, the expenses more equably divided and the Western concern given a voice in the management. In the meantime another strong combination arose in the Southern Associated Press which played an important part in subsequent press association affairs. The agreement, or alliance, of these sectional associations continued until 1892, when the charter of the Western Associated Press being about to expire, its members incorporated "The Associated Press" under the laws of Illinois. This concern took the form of a stockholding company, but as the stockholders were limited to newspaper proprietors and the amount of stock each could hold restricted to eight shares, it really was more in the nature of a mutual coöperative association. Even then there was a growing perception of the fact that it was possible to form a more perfect news-gathering organisation, but the time was hardly ripe for it. The United Press had entered the field and a giant struggle for supremacy had begun. It was a fight to the death, and every resource at the command of these two rich and powerful concerns was brought into play. But the principle of coöperation triumphed over that of dividend earning, and the United Press was driven to the wall. Having cleared the field of its powerful rival The Associated Press continued under its Illinois charter until 1900, when for various reasons it was deemed best to abolish the stockholding feature and substitute therefor a strictly coöperative organisation, non-profit earning and in all respects a mutual society of newspaper publishers. The present organisation was then effected and The Associated Press incorporated under the laws of New York and its general offices removed from Chicago to the Metropolis. Its operative methods were not materially altered, the change being largely brought about because of certain legal technicalities; but under the new organisation each member enjoys a voice in the management, and admission to membership is controlled by a vote of the members, much the same as in a club.

ITS ELEMENTS OF STRENGTH.

This coöperative feature, the pooling of the resources and energies of hundreds of wealthy and powerful papers, naturally results in placing at the disposal of the association facilities which could not, in the very nature of modern journalism, be enjoyed under any other form of organisation.

But huge as it is and dealing with a commodity that has as real a money value as cotton or wheat, it makes absolutely not a farthing, and the word dividend has no place in its existence. It is simply a society of newspaper publishers formed to exchange the news of their territories and to gather the foreign news of the world. It has another element of strength and one that has been largely instrumental in its upbuilding in its compulsory non-partisan character. Numbering among its membership nearly seven hundred papers of every shade of political, religious and sociological belief, it is obliged to be absolutely impartial in all things, and is thus lifted above every other consideration than that of news gathering and distribution. Of it it is only demanded that it shall state the news with perfect accuracy. To meet the expense of its service the members are assessed equably on a basis of population within a given radius of the place of publication and the mileage of leased wire necessary to serve it.

ITS ADMINISTRATION.

The association is administered by a board of directors composed of publishers of both morning and evening papers representing all sections of the country and both of the great political parties, while the executive staff consists of Mr. Melville E. Stone, the General Manager, whose offices are in New York; Colonel Charles S. Diehl, Assistant General Manager, located in Chicago; Mr. Charles H. Boynton, Superintendent of the Eastern division, whose headquarters are in New York; Mr. Charles A. Boynton, Superintendent of

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THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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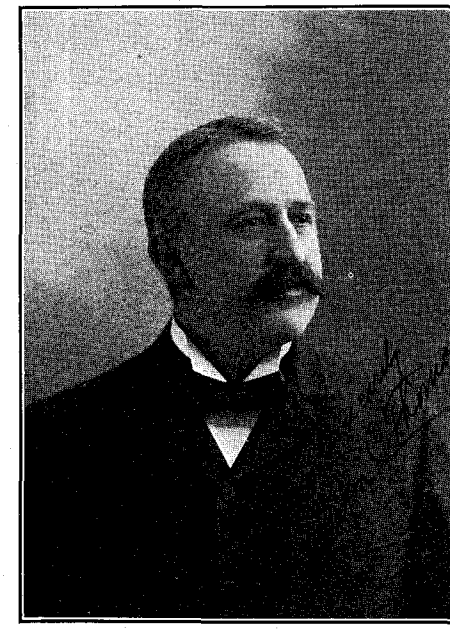
FRANK B. NOYES, PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.



ADDISON C. THOMAS, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CENTRAL DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

the Southern division, with headquarters in Washington; Mr. Addison C. Thomas, Superintendent of the Central division, with headquarters in Chicago; Mr. Paul Cowles, Superintendent of the Western division, at San Francisco, and Mr. Walter Neef, Superintendent of Foreign Service, stationed in London. Under them are about one thousand salaried employes, a tremendous staff, but representing only a fraction of all those who contribute either directly or indirectly to the service, for it maintains probably five thousand additional correspondents on space pay, and every editor, reporter and correspondent of every paper in its membership and every employe of the foreign news associations with which it is allied is indirectly in its service.

NEWS FROM THE SACRED CITY.

The foreign editor of a New York paper recently called up The Associated Press office by telephone and calmly asked, "Can't we have a more detailed story of Younghusband's entry into Lhassa?" Now, until the arrival of the British mission in the Sacred City of Thibet, the home of the great Dalai Lama has been a sealed place, the last of the world's mystery spots, yet this editor made his request in as matter-of-fact a way as if he had been asking for the report of the legislature at Albany. He knew there was a military telegraph wire trailing behind the British column and that somewhere that wire connected with a cable. As there was news in Lhassa and a wire to get it out, it naturally followed that a reporter was somewhere in the vicinity. So, after all, the request was not at all unreasonable, and, to finish the story, he got what he wanted. The incident demonstrates the scope of modern news gathering, for if one magnifies a thousand-fold the functions of the daily paper in its local field, the result is a rough idea of the functions of The Associated Press. Dealing with news only in its broadest sense, and non-partisan in all things, its field is the world and it recognises no limitations of geography, cost or enterprise in its self-created mission. Wherever nations battle, parliaments debate and rulers decree, where there is flood, fire, pestilence or famine, in wreck or riot, in the marts of trade and finance, in the field of sport, wherever man or nature brings about the conditions that create news, there is its errand. With sleepless vigilance it watches the known world, and with a preparedness verging on the uncanny stands ready to

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EMIL KLAESSIG, AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE OF THE WOLFF BUREAU.

S. LEVY LAWSON, MANAGING EDITOR FOR AMERICA OF THE REUTER TELEGRAM COMPANY.

bring word of a battle in Manchuria, a prize fight in San Francisco, or the name of the men who lunched at Sagamore Hill or Esopus. There is no city or town, and hardly a hamlet in the United States and Canada, in which it has not a representative. Its hundreds of papers pour into its distributing offices more than fifty thousand words of news each day, supplemented by the budgets gathered by its own correspondents and agents. It has its own correspondents in every foreign city of consequence, from London eastward to Honolulu, who in turn supplement the news furnished by the foreign associations with which The Associated Press is allied, so that it covers the world with a thoroughness that is amazing even in this day, when distance and time are practically eliminated by cable and telegraph wire.

THE DAILY BUDGET.

The daily budget of news furnished the members of The Associated Press makes about thirty-five columns in the average New York paper. This, however, is the maximum report. In the daily of the small town, located on one of the minor circuits, the report consists of about eighteen thousand words, or about twelve columns each for morning and afternoon papers, while to another class of papers, in towns too small to justify a leased wire, it serves "pony" reports of from one thousand words to five thousand words a day. To collect and distribute this report, The Associated Press maintains thirty-four thousand three hundred and seventeen miles of leased wires which net the country from coast to coast and from the Canadian frontier to the Rio Grande, running direct into the offices of its papers in nearly every city in the country. In addition to these wires it makes heavy use of the commercial lines in transmitting its "pony" reports, so that in reality its wire mileage is much in excess of the above figure.

COLLECTION AND DISTRIBUTION.

To collect and distribute this great report is required a seemingly elaborate and intricate system, yet one whose workings are in reality very simple. For purposes of administration and to simplify the mechanical problems involved, the United States is divided into four great divisions, each in charge of a superintendent. New

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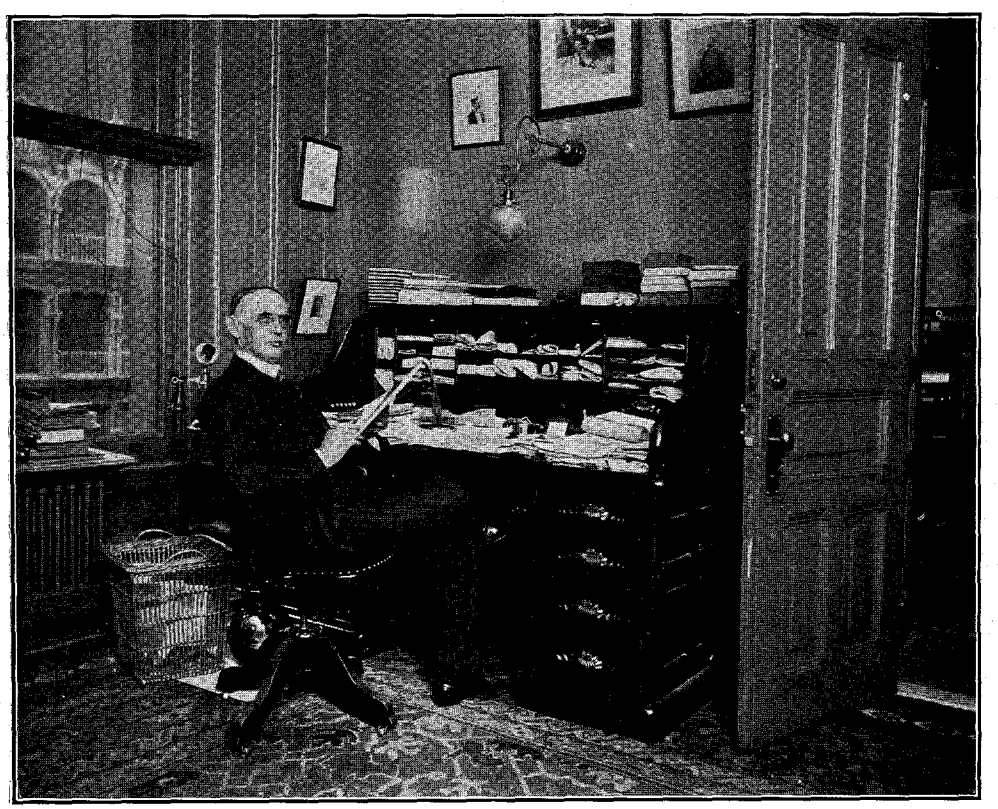
York, where the general offices are located, is the headquarters of the Eastern division, comprising those states east of the Allegheny Mountains and north of the Potomac; Washington is the headquarters of the southern states east of the Mississippi; Chicago directs the Central division, while the states west of and including Colorado are in the Western division, with head offices at San Francisco. In the larger news centres of each division subsidiary bureaus are maintained



MELVILLE E. STONE, GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

under the direction of the superintendent and to whose office their news is forwarded. Again, under these minor bureaus are correspondents in the outlying towns and cities, each with his well-defined territory, and as this system is carried out over the entire country and practically every office is connected with the other by leased wire, and is therefore constantly in touch, the completeness of the arrangement practically makes impossible the missing of any news event of sufficient importance to warrant a place in the report. In other words, to use the language of the newspaper shop, it cannot get "scooped." It must not be imagined, however, that an identical report is served to each paper, or that an item once launched on the wires must run throughout their length.

NEWS OF SECTIONAL VALUE.

It is a well-established rule that the value of news decreases with the increase of distance from its place of origin, and the diversified interests of the enormous territory covered by such a service, demand certain concessions to sectional interests. Events of great interest to the cities of the New England seaboard, for instance, are valueless to the middle west and the great inter-mountain west cares nothing for that which is considered of first importance from Richmond to Jacksonville. So it becomes necessary to adjust the service to the territory and serve reports within reports. While the great bulk of The Associated Press report, such

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as its markets and foreign news and the larger news features of the day, is served to all its members on the leased wire circuits, this local or sectional aspect of its field must be cared for, and to meet the problem the leased wire circuits are broken by what are known as "relay" offices, or offices in which the wires, instead of passing through, are cut, thus necessitating a rehandling of the matter that comes in before it can again go out. These offices are selected with a view to their location as bearing upon their surrounding territory. All of the headquarters or divisional offices are relaying points, but in addition the same thing is done at various other cities suitably located to meet the sectional problem alluded to. For instance, the report sent from New York passes only to Boston on one side and to Chicago on the other, where it is re-edited and again started out over the wires, to be relayed again at Kansas City, at Denver, and lastly at San Francisco for service up and down the Pacific Coast. Washington, in its turn, makes up an entire new report for its southern wires, while Boston prepares that for New England. In the larger and more thickly settled states, separate circuits are maintained, which connect the cities of that state, such as the one which begins at New York and runs to Buffalo, looping together every city between. Under such a system it will be seen that the report is identical only to those points between relay offices. Wherever a wire is cut, between its two ends sits an editor, so that in reality it is but a physical break. Human agency and intelligence complete the circuit. The editors to whom is entrusted the readjustment of the report are required to be men of exceptional training and ability. They must judge instantly the value of the news as it passes through their hands, decide what should go and what be discarded for the circuit which they control, its relative importance in space and place on the wire and on either hand to adjust the incom-

NEWS DISTRIBUTION DEPARTMENT.

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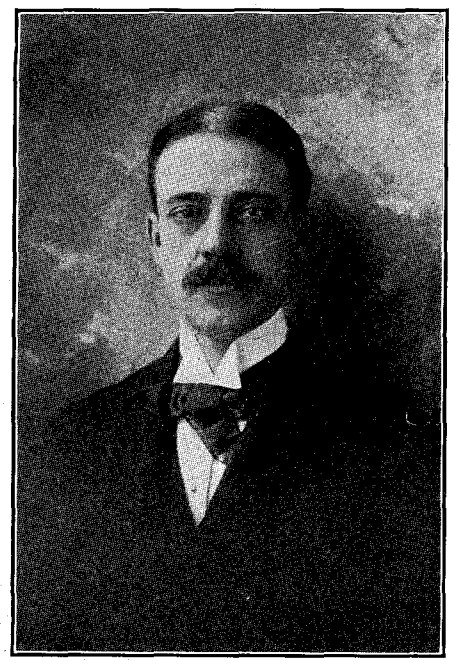

CHARLES S. DIEHL, ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

ing and outgoing matter. Again, in certain offices he must reduce the output of two or even three or more wires to the capacity of one, and here is called into play the nicest discrimination and finest news judgment. Indeed, it may be said that in all newspaperdom there is no position so exacting or calling for quicker and more unerring adjustment than these filing editors of The Associated Press.

THE PASSING OF "THE FLIMSY."

Newspaper men still speak of the press association report as "the flimsy," but it is the survival of a term which has long since ceased to carry its original meaning. Before the introduction of the typewriting machine and its adoption by telegraph operators to receive from a wire, to produce the many copies of press reports required in each office, thin paper with interlaid sheets of carbon was used. On this the operator laboriously wrote with a stylus. But the typewriter put an end to this cumbersome method. The old-time telegraphers fought the new device stubbornly. It required them to acquire a new accomplishment, and they argued that no man could read the clicking sounder and work a machine at the same time. But gradually it came into use, and now there are few operators who do not own what they affectionately call a "mill." With the typewriter manifolding became easy, books of flimsy could be made up and piled to hand, and the result was clean, good copy. But soon even this method became inadequate, and now in the larger offices, where a great many copies are required of each sheet of the report (as many as sixty in the New York office), a wax sheet is placed in a ribbonless typewriter, the bare type perforating it and making a stencil.

This in turn is placed in a miniature cylinder printing press, over which is suspended a roll of paper, an electric lever is pushed down and the sheets fly out at the rate of several hundred a minute. In the newspaper business, better than in any other branch of industry, is exemplified the truthfulness of the adage which places a money value on time. The minute is more than precious, and every device that can save its seconds is quickly seized upon. To increase the capacity of a wire there has been devised what is known as a "code," or system of telegraphic shorthand, in which the more frequently occurring words and some whole phrases or groups of words which commonly are used in conjunction are indicated by a few brief Morse characters. The common terminations, such as -ion, -ing, -ed, etc., are also provided for, so that by sending a single sign the spelling out is avoided. For instance, the word "scotus" means to the press operator "Supreme Court of the United States." But the receiving operator must write this code in plain English as he receives it by sound, so that the operation is composed of three distinct accomplishments —the ability to read the Morse characters by sound, deftness with the typewriter, and the simultaneous translation of the code into long hand. Naturally the press operators are, as a rule, men of a high order of intelligence. During the recent Democratic convention at St. Louis some of these men, who were the pick of The Associated Press corps, were at the key for twenty hours at a stretch. As it is necessary that their matter shall be properly punctuated, paragraphed and capitalised as it leaves their typewriters, press operators have formed the habit of "back reading," or writing from ten to fifteen words behind the instrument in order that

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they may have the full sense of the word before they transcribe it.

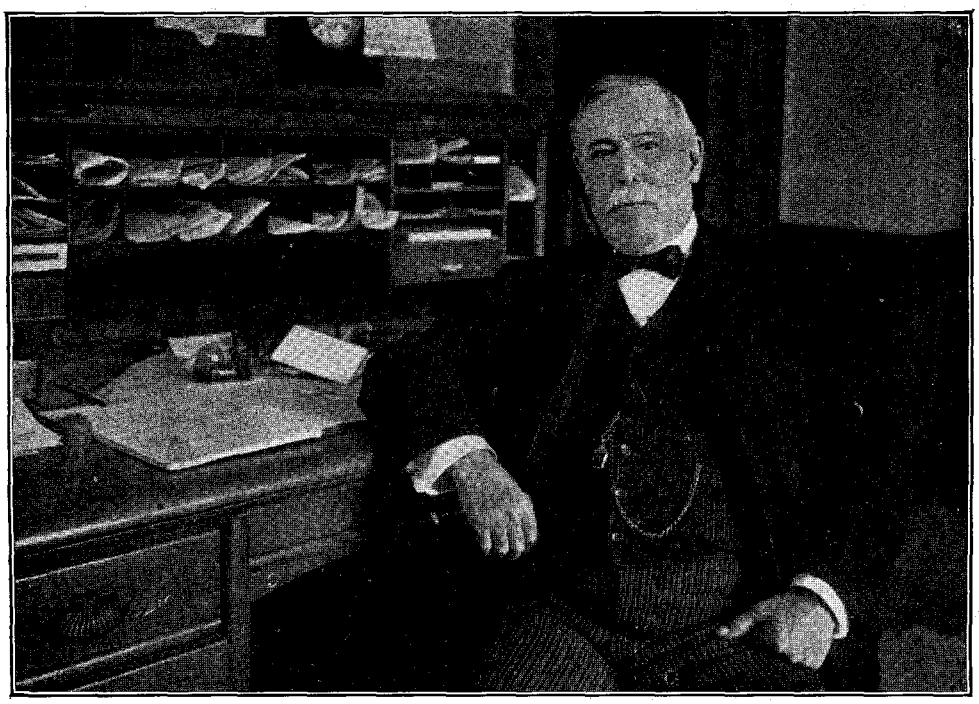
SPECIAL STAFFS.

In its larger offices, principally at the divisional headquarters, the association has a large staff of special writers for use on occasions of great importance. In New York there is also a maritime bureau and a large office in Wall Street, while its extensive foreign service requires a bureau to handle the incoming cable matter. With the laying of the new Pacific Commercial cable from San Francisco to the Orient, the San Francisco office was brought to the front in connection with the foreign service, and a cable bureau is also maintained there. The largest staff of writers is in Washington, where besides the Capitol, with the necessary reports of both houses of Congress, committee work and other attendant news fields, all the executive departments must be covered.

Understanding this extensive and coherent system, the ease and promptness and detail with which the world's events are transcribed into type upon the heels of their happening, is made plain. It ceases to be a marvel that a battle fought in far Manchuria is chronicled hour by hour as it proceeds, or the details of a great political convention are on the street in extra editions practically simultaneously with their occurrence in the convention hall.

MCKINLEY'S ASSASSINATION.

The reporting of fixed events, occasions which can be prepared for in advance, is an easy matter. Weeks before a national political convention every detail has been attended to. The men who are to report it have been selected, each assigned to a particular feature of the work, extra wires have been arranged for and offices installed in the convention hall. In fact, it merely consists in setting up for the time being a completely equipped office and applying the same methods that control the daily service. It is the unexpected, the tremendous interest-centering, world-important event that tests the machine. I know of no better illustration of such an emergency than the assassination of President McKinley. Let me tell how it was met. When the reporter who was covering the President's visit to the Buffalo Exposition rushed to a telephone and sent his



CHARLES A. BOYNTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE SOUTHERN DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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world-startling message to the Buffalo bureau, there was automatically put in motion every resource of this vast organisation. Within thirty minutes of the time that bulletin flashed over its thousands of miles of leased wires, The Associated Press had set up two extra wires from Buffalo to New York, and added an extra wire to its main circuits, which reach throughout the country; two reporters and three telegraphers were on

CHARLES H. BOYNTON, CHAIRMAN OF THE EASTERN DIVISION OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

their way from the New York office to Buffalo, two were crossing from Boston, its Albany correspondent was speeding northward to the same destination, and four of its picked Washington men, men acquainted with every cabinet officer and public official at the capital, were on the train that carried the higher Washington officials to the place where their chief lay dying. It was instantly realised that the occasion was one demanding every resource. It might last a day, it might last for weeks. So by six o'clock the next morning there was in Buffalo a staff capable of handling even this tremendous situation. But in the meantime the Buffalo bureau had risen to the occasion, and within one hour from the minute the shot that was to deprive a nation of its chief executive was fired, there had passed over The Associated Press wires and appeared in extras in every city in the land a two-column account of the tragedy, accurate in every detail. In the days that followed a graphic and accurate history of the events of the room in which the President lay dying was sent, the police end in the tracing of the assassin's antecedents and movements fully covered, and all the train of events with its devious windings followed with minute care and a comprehensiveness possible only to an organisation whose system works from coast to coast like a single office.

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COVERING A BIG FOOTBALL GAME.

Perhaps nothing affords so adequate an illustration of the modern methods of reporting as the big football games that are being played about the time that this article is being published. Of late years, the great intercollegiate contests—Princeton-Yale, Yale-Harvard, Harvard-University of Pennsylvania, Army-Navy—in the East, and the games between Michigan and Minnesota and Chicago and Wisconsin in the West, have been the occasions for many extra editions of the afternoon papers. A game may not be fifteen minutes old and yet the fact that Hogan has crashed through for a touchdown, or that DeWitt has kicked a goal from the field from the forty-five-yard line, is often thought sufficient excuse for an extra. And a very few minutes after the final whistle has been blown, long before the followers of the victorious eleven have finished their triumphant zigzag round the field, in distant cities the papers are out containing not only the result, but a complete and technical description of the game in all its phases. To handle a contest like this, a number of men are needed. There is the story of the Grand Central Station, with its colour and crowd, its long line of great specials that are to carry New York's spectators to the scene of the fray. There is the story of the two teams on the eve of the battle and the story of the same teams after the victory and defeat. There is the descriptive story of the gathering of the crowd in the hour preceding the game, the singing and the cheering, the arrival of the teams on the field, and the preliminary practice before the kick off. But the most important story of all is that of the reporter trained to this particular branch of the sport, who follows each play with field glasses, dictating to the telegraph operator at his elbow the crisp, sharp sentences that run into the newspaper offices, in distant parts of the country. "Yale's ball, first down on the

THE CABLE DEPARTMENT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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SHIPPING AND MARKET DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW YORK OFFICE OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

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twenty-seven yard line. Metcalf goes through the centre for three yards. Second down, two yards to gain. On a double pass, Rockwell skirts Henry's end for nine yards, placing the ball on Princeton's fifteen-yard line. Yale's ball first down. On a tackles-back Hogan goes through to the nine-yard line. Yale's ball first down. Second down, three yards to gain. Mitchell clips off two yards between DeWitt and Reed. Yale's ball third down, one yard to gain. Princeton takes the ball on down, and the Orange and Black stands go wild. DeWitt punts to the fifty-yard line. Rockwell catches, but is downed without gain by Davis." And so it goes on through the game with here and there a dramatic phrase, descriptive of some play that sets the banners to the east or west waving wildly until in the semi-dusk the whistle blows, the two lines straighten up, and the pursuit of the victorious players begins. Then he shuts his glasses, dictates the concluding sentence, which a few seconds later is in the newspaper offices. The last line of type is run up from the linotype to the forms, and in a few minutes the whirring presses disgorge their extras a thousand miles away, telling how a great game was lost and won.

ELECTION RETURNS.

Gathering and compiling the election returns is another task set The Associated Press by its members, and one not only arduous by reason of its extent, but requiring great accuracy. The far-reaching consequences which would follow a misleading statement of the result of a national election can better be imagined than told. The method as applied in New York state fits the whole. First, there is appointed a correspondent in every county seat, and for that county he is made responsible. He secures men to cover each election district in his bailiwick, who report to him in the most expeditious manner possible. Usually, the telephone or telegraph is available, but often the bicycle is depended upon, and in some of the more remote and thinly settled counties, couriers on horseback are used. As returns come in, he begins to make up his report and sends frequent bulletins on the result as it develops. In the New York office a large force of skilled tabulators has been provided. They work in groups of three, and to each group is assigned so many counties. As each telegram from a county seat is received it is passed to the proper table, where one man reads it aloud, another enters it in a large book, especially prepared for the purpose, brings up the totals and compares it with the vote of the same districts in the preceding election, and a third man writes the bulletin giving the result. In turn that bulletin goes to a chief tabulator, of whom there are six, and is there incorporated in the grand total, from which is prepared the bulletins made familiar on election nights when the stereopticons flash forth the words, "So many election districts out of so many give Blank so much. The same districts in 1900 gave McKinley so and so and Bryan so and so." In the meantime a writer prepares a general story of the election as it proceeds. As soon as the result in a state is definitely known he builds a paragraph on the conditions that brought it about, its meaning, and if a doubtful state, discusses its bearing on the general situation. This goes out over the wires as fast as written and is placed in type in the newspaper offices, and then, as press time draws near, he sums the known result up in a paragraph or two to lead the whole. This introductory paragraph, or "lead," may be displaced for later editions by one more comprehensive, but it is imperative that there shall be in the hands of the editors a general story of the election as the night progresses.

THE FOREIGN FIELD.

Most of the more important phases of news gathering have been described in the articles that have preceded this in THE BOOKMAN, and the details of newspaper making they deal with are as applicable to the press association as to the individual paper. The national news field, after all, is only the city editor's territory enlarged. It demands the same methods on a bigger scale, but is governed by precisely the same judgment. It is in the foreign field that The Associated Press has made its greatest strides. The past four years have seen its scope immensely extended, its service increased in volume and its methods revolutionised. Prior to the war with Spain, the association had been content with the service

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it obtained through the European news agencies, supplemented by a few correspondents in the capitals and its own bureau in London.

The new position which the United States attained by the war with Spain, its general recognition as a power of the first class, and the suddenly awakened interest abroad in our national affairs, as well as a quick kindling of American interest in European matters, demanded that the foreign service of the association should be placed upon a broader and more comprehensive basis. It was also imperative that European affairs should be chronicled by men familiar with the American point of view, and not filtered through channels which might contain even a trace of colouring matter. The semi-official character of Associated Press despatches on international questions made this a consideration of the first importance. In order to meet the new demands thrust upon the association, General Manager Stone made several extended European trips, which resulted in the enlargement of the London bureau, the establishment of independent bureaus in Paris, Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and the appointment of special correspondents in Madrid and many other large cities. Previously there had been entered into on the part of The Associated Press an alliance with the three great European news agencies, which are the Reuter's Telegram Company, Limited, of England; the Agence Havas, of France, and the Continental Telegraphen Compagnie, of Germany, better known as the Wolff agency. This four-sided contract constituted a wonderful step forward in news gathering, for it formed an alliance which covers the entire world. Its extent will be better understood when it is explained that the three European agencies are the recognised official news-transmitting mediums, not only of their home countries proper, but each covers its colonies and dependencies and so-called spheres of influence, and between them the rest of Europe is divided. For instance, the Reuter Telegram Company covers, as in addition to the British Islands, India, Australia, Egypt, and South Africa, and portions of China. The Agence Havas assumes the responsibility for all the Latin countries, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, and Portugal, Tunis, Morocco, and the French dependencies in various parts of the world. But the ramifications of these services extend even further, for under them, in turn, are numerous subsidiary agencies, covering certain local European fields, such as the Svenska Bureau, of Sweden, and the Agence Constantinople, of European Turkey, and a dozen others, all controlled by one of the three principal associations, and all bound by their contracts with The Associated Press. Each of these concerns is bound by the terms of the agreement to deliver its general budget to The Associated Press, while the American concern places its budget at their command in return. This is accomplished by having a representative of each association in the central office of the other, who culls from the budget at hand what he thinks is of interest for his association and cables it to the home office. By the terms of the agreement it is also provided that the American concern may order special despatches on matters of sufficient importance to demand it from any correspondent of the other contracting associations, a provision made to cover events which, though of great importance to America, might be insufficiently treated for the home office of the agency represented at the place. In order to meet the problem of securing absolutely unbiased reports of international questions, Mr. Stone placed American newspaper men, all trained in the home offices of the Associated Press, in charge of every European bureau of the association, and, with few exceptions, all the assistants in these offices also are Americans. The results of this policy were almost immediately apparent in the character of European news published in this country, as well as its tremendously increased volume. The average report received in the New York office by cable, exclusive of the war news from the Orient, is about five thousand words a day. An important debate in the Reichstag, or the French chambers, or the British Parliament, is as fully covered as our own Congress at Washington.

ASSOCIATED PRESS PRIVILEGES.

Among other agencies in the foreign field, in addition to those previously mentioned, and closely allied with the Ameri-

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can news concerns, are the Exchange Telegraph, the Central News, Dalziell's, and the Laffan Foreign Bureau. The latter is an adjunct of the domestic concern of the same name, and the others are more or less in touch under certain forms of agreement with the American associations.

There had long existed in Europe a grave obstacle to newspaper enterprise, in the matter of telegraph facilities. Nearly all the European lines are under governmental control, and press matter had been regarded as of little importance. Vexatious delay in the transmission of extremely important despatches was common and made the foreign service uncertain and unsatisfactory. Mr. Stone next undertook, in behalf of the association he represented, to remedy this. His representations to the various governments brought about a revolution. He succeeded in securing for The Associated Press an official recognition. Orders were issued giving its despatches precedence over all but government business, and as a further concession, in certain countries, a special form of telegraph blank was issued to its correspondents, which enables a despatch, limited in number of words, to precede all matter, government or otherwise. With such facilities, the association has been enabled to score some wonderful beats in the foreign field. It is a curious fact, and, at the same time, a compliment to American newspaper enterprise, that an Associated Press despatch sent from Rome to New York, and thence to Europe, gave the Old World its first news of the death of the late Pope. Another notable accomplishment was the announcement in London, by the same method, of the first news of the signing of the Anglo-French arbitration treaty, an Associated Press despatch from Paris to New York, and reforwarded to London, giving the British press its first word of this important affair. In connection with the death of Pope Leo a new record, in the use of the cable for news purposes was established. The account of the Pope's last hours, his death, and the immediately following events, made a whole page of closely printed matter in the New York *Times*. Contrast this with the ten lines from London, printed in American papers, on February 8, 1878, announcing the death of Pope Pius IX.! Between the two lies a wonderful story of progress.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND THE CZAR.

In describing the methods by which Europe is covered, I have purposely omitted the Russian field, for I think the circumstances attending the establishment of an Associated Press bureau in St. Petersburg, epoch making as they were, deserve separate, though necessarily brief treatment. Let Mr. Stone tell it in his own words:

"I had long realised the necessity for a Russian service," he said, "when the Japanese war cloud brought it sharply to the front, but the Russian censorship seemed an insurmountable obstacle. No press matter could be telegraphed out of the country uncensored, and censored news is valueless. However, encouraged by the concessions we had secured in other European countries, I determined to make the attempt to establish such relations with the government at St. Petersburg as would enable us to cover the field and the Russian side of the war, if war was to come. So, in February last I went to St. Petersburg, obtained a private audience of the Emperor, and laid before him memoranda covering in detail what we desired. Briefly, they asked an official standing for and an official recognition of The Associated Press correspondent, a press rate, and certain facilities for the forwarding of our despatches, and last," and here Mr. Stone smiled reminiscently at the very audacity of the request, "the abolishment of the censorship on Associated Press despatches. I was received by the Emperor in his private cabinet," continued Mr. Stone, "and I sought the head of things because I knew that Plehve, the recently assassinated Minister of the Interior, was opposed to my proposals. The Emperor speaks English perfectly, and for one hour I remained with him alone, explaining my memoranda, impressing upon him that the censorship as maintained in his dominions was out of keeping with the century, and that Russia had everything to gain by a fair and honest treatment in the public press of other countries. He displayed a quick comprehension of the whole subject, and I soon found that he was thoroughly familiar with the question. I had prepared brief memo-

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randa on a single sheet of paper, which, at his request, I left with him. As I took my departure, the Emperor said, 'Mr. Stone, I trust we shall see you again at the state ball, an invitation to which has been sent you.' At the ball, a few nights later, His Majesty approached me and we spent several minutes in informal conversation. A few days later I received word that he had written 'approved' across the face of my memoranda. That very week war began, but the censorship had been abolished. I then enlarged our St. Petersburg bureau, secured permits for our men to accompany the Russian armies, appointed correspondents at Port Arthur, Mukden, Vladivostok, Harbin, and other points in the war zone, and came home."

In passing, I may add that some of the British papers, in commenting on this stroke of American enterprise, characterised the abolishment of the censorship as the greatest step forward Russia had made since the emancipation of the serfs.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

It is but natural that with such an organisation this association has been enabled to accomplish some really remarkable achievements in reporting great events. While in news gathering, as in all other enterprises, luck is often a great element, it is preparedness that counts, which, I take it, was what the late Joseph McCullagh, of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, meant when he defined a great editor as "a man who knows where hell is going to break loose next and has a reporter on the spot." Anticipating the condition so aptly described by the great editor, the Russo-Japanese war found The Associated Press in a state of preparedness, equalled only by the Japanese military establishment. European chancelleries were still scouting the idea of actual hostilities when its correspondents were speeding across the Pacific, or facing the discomforts of the trans-Siberian railway en route to their posts. A staff man who knew his East as the New York police reporter knows Mulberry Street, was in Tokio in November. He was commissioned to plan the campaign, and close behind him came other men to take the posts he selected. A staff man was placed at Chefoo, others at convenient stations along the North China coast, and still others sent to Tokio to accompany the Japanese armies. In the meantime the Russian side was being similarly cared for. Several American staff men were sent into the field and supplemented by half a dozen of the ablest Russian news writers obtainable, so that when Togo struck Port Arthur, on the morning of February 8, the great press machine was automatically put in motion. No war has ever been reported as the one now raging in Manchuria. In spite of the restrictions of the censorship and the tremendous difficulties in the way of transmitting despatches, the great contest has been described in minute detail from the first battle, both on land and sea, and some of The Associated Press despatches, notably the description of the sinking of the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk*, written by a correspondent who was an eye-witness of the disaster, deserve a high place among the best descriptive writing of the day. It is a new thing in newspaper enterprise to pay high cable tolls for pen pictures, but the whole service on this war has set a new standard of reporting and has compelled the Old World, for the first time in history, to accept its own news through New World channels.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I.

Coming back from a four months' vacation we found the Letter Box almost bursting with letters of every possible size, colour, and variety of monogram. But the first missive which we examined was depressing. We had felt mentally invigorated by our long outing and fancied that we could cope with almost anything that might turn up. But this letter, consisting of four closely written pages and signed "Muggins" gave us a turn. It ought to mean something, and yet the more we read it the less it seemed to mean. Then our mind began to feel canton-flannelly. Perhaps it would be well to print a part of the document, though we cannot possibly give space to it all. In the left-hand upper corner is a pen-and-ink sketch of a mouth. Then comes the following:

"My stock of expletives is exhausted. Instead of saying, honey, lovey, dovey, etcetera ad infinitum I shall draw my mouth for a salutation. I looked in my mirror to draw it. I put something on it. Maybe you can find it. If you can't, you don't deserve it. Now don't idealise me. I won't have it!

"I wrote a little serenade yesterday with a rather simple harmony—in the key of G—with one modulation into the key of A minor. . . .

"I did not read the article you refer to, but did it ever strike you that in the eternal evolution of things we work out our own progress and destiny? Include that 'divinity that shapes our ends,' and I do not abandon my belief in the Gospel of Christianity. Did it ever occur to you that when the dictum of Genesis was pronounced (Thou shalt surely die), that it meant that a new race would supplant the man-of-to-day race? . . .

"It has occurred to me forcibly that now as the earth has been explored fully and studied, and all its surface intelligently occupied, that our next resource will be other planets, and that some day we will take a trip to Mars as easily as we now go to Europe.

"I wish I could suspend aloft,
The force of air o'ercome,
And let the world roll swiftly by
Until I viewed its sum.
A day would take me round the world
And also bring me home."

If any of our readers can make out the relation of this letter to anything that has previously appeared in THE BOOKMAN, we should be glad of the information. If, on the other hand, it means nothing in particular, then we shall cease to be worried about our mental condition. There is one point, however, on which we hasten to reassure the writer. There isn't the slightest danger that we shall ever idealise Muggins.

II.

It will be remembered that last April we published a letter from a subscriber who had got into trouble with a literary syndicate, concerning a question of copyright. Several other subscribers have interested themselves in her case and have written letters on its legal aspects. The first comes from a lawyer of this city, who gives his name and address:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE LETTER BOX: Referring to letter 'VI.' in your issue of April (page 319), permit me to say that the unfortunate 'Subscriber' has the undoubted right to offer her article to any magazine, even if the syndicate sheet publishers had undertaken to have it copyrighted in their publication. As they were neither 'owner' nor 'proprietor' of the article, their attempted copyright gives them neither title nor protection, and is wholly unauthorised. While, however, your correspondent may use it freely in any manner in which she sees fit, she has, however, forfeited her own right of copyrighting it, because it has been 'published' with her authority. In other words, she may freely sell her article, though she is no longer able to guarantee its protection against piracy.

"I venture this professional advice because I sympathise with the 'Subscriber'; and my special experience in matters of copyright warrants my assuming to speak thus categorically."

Another and more elaborate opinion on the copyright question is sent to us by a gentleman in Charlottesville, Virginia:

"SIR: In your June Letter Box appears a summary of the relative rights of authors and publishers to the copyright of a literary production where the copyright has been taken out by the publishers. You say: '(3) If the

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syndicate should give up its copyright to you you could copyright the story again in your own name.' This is an error, and one which is unfortunately so widespread that I take the liberty of calling your attention to it.

"In Mifflin *v.* Dutton, 112 Fed. 1004, 50 C. C. A. 661 (affirmed in 190 U. S. 265, 23 Sup. Ct. 771, 47 L. ed.—), it was held that where a literary work has been published serially with the consent of the author, and a copyright secured in the name of the publisher, whether it be for the publisher alone or in the interests of the publisher and author, the author cannot subsequently copyright the work; and if subsequently the author republishes it in book form, with a notice of copyright in his own name, such republication, with such notice, effects, under the statute, an abandonment of the copyright. The court says: 'There cannot be two successive copyrights of the same literary work. To permit this would render possible an extension of the statutory period through which a copyright runs, which the law will not allow.'

"See also Mifflin *v.* Dutton, 107 Fed. 708, which is the report of the case in the lower court.

"Under the circumstances of the case, as stated by your correspondent, the correct mode of procedure is to obtain and register an assignment from the syndicate to himself (U. S. Rev. Stat., 1878, No. 4,955), and to insert the original notice in any subsequent publication. There seems little doubt, however, that if the facts are as stated, a court of equity would regard the syndicate as holding the copyright in trust for the benefit of the author.

"The importance of this question to both authors and publishers is great, and must be my excuse for writing you at such length. There is scarcely a popular book of the day that does not contain two or more notices of copyright, and it is the original, not the later notice, that furnishes protection. Were the original notice omitted, as may well happen in the case of serials afterwards published in book-form, the copyright would be held to have been abandoned."

III.

The following letter from a well-known journalist in Waterbury, Connecticut, requires no comment:

"Your reference in 'Chronicle and Comment' to the late Gen. Logan's delightful disregard of grammar—you remember that he once boasted in the Senate that he had 'learned all there was to political economy in ten days'—reminds me of a squid, I think it was in *Puck,* of the 1884 campaign.

"You will recall that previous to accepting the nomination for Vice-President on the Blaine ticket, Gen. Logan, being a strong Grant man, was not on the best of terms with Mr. Blaine. Referring to this, and illustrating the General's idea of grammar, the ditty began:

" 'We never speak as we pass by,
Me to Jim Blaine nor him to I.' "

IV.

A sheet of pale blue paper from Rahway, New Jersey, is covered with a few lines in a handwriting which we recognise with a thrill. It says:

"I notice on page 554 of your August number a statement that Solomon said 'All men are liars.' This being so, oughtn't he to be shown up as a plagiarist of David?

"CONSTANT READER."

David wrote the remark down "in his haste." Probably being a hasty man, he often said the same thing around the house, and no doubt Solomon used to repeat it as one of his father's remarks. A good many of us have said it since that time. But with Solomon there was no plagiarism. You see, it was all in the family.

V.

A gentleman who signs his name "Pud," which sounds as though someone were pulling a gum-shoe out of a quagmire, expresses a hope, gives an opinion, and asks a question.

Here is the hope:

"I hope the Letter Box will soon be opened again. It is the only place in your publication where we poor devils of readers have a chance to get back at you."

Here is the opinion:

"In my opinion you are not true Sherlockians at all. You have all the marks of true Foxy Quillerians."

And here is the question, which we answer briefly:

"Why is your magazine not sold at any of the respectable news-stands of Hoboken?"

It is.

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VI.

An inquiry from Camden, New Jersey:

"Which form would you use—'aluminum' or 'aluminium'?"

In this country, aluminum; in England, aluminium.

VII.

Still another inquiry, this one from Poughkeepsie, New York:

"I am a good deal puzzled about the proper pronunciation of the word 'automobile,' or rather about its accentuation. I hear a good many persons accent it on the first syllable, yet many other persons accent it on the syllable next to the last. Which is correct?"

The word being a new one, usage has not yet become sufficiently crystallised to warrant a dogmatic assertion as to what will be finally accepted. Personally, we prefer to accent the first syllable, perhaps because that gives an onomatapoetic effect, the swift rush of the succeeding syllables suggesting to the mind the machine in rapid flight. The other pronunciation seems logy and inappropriate. Possibly one might venture upon a compromise and say "*au*'tomobile" when speaking of the machine in swift motion, and "auto*mo*'bile" when it is being dragged ignominiously home by a couple of farm horses.

VIII.

In our June number we propounded some questions of a very subtle nature, so subtle, in fact, that only one reader has undertaken to answer any of them. Here is what the lady says:

"Dear Sir: I am sure I know the answers to two of your questions:

"I. The Americans who say 'whilst' are without exception Southerners, and in the South grease-spots are not reckoned, as they are in the North, among the minor immoralities.

"About II., being only a girl, and so, for the most part, using tobacco indirectly, I have no opinion. III., largely for the same reason, perhaps, I have found contradicted by my experience. We have often handed the telegraph operator twenty-five cents for a city message and received a nickel in change.

"IV. is entirely just, and I think the reason is that the patrons of a savings-bank are (the majority of them) labourers, Irish maids-of-all-work, Italian street-sweeps, Germans, Swedes, and others to whom your bank-official thinks it a waste of time to be polite; whereas, in a national bank, he might be giving a curt answer to an heiress, unawares."

We are not wholly convinced with regard to the first answer, but the last is undoubtedly correct.

IX.

Several letters came to us in August asking us to explain the esoteric meaning of Kipling's "They" and "The Egg." We refer these writers to our review of *Traffics and Discoveries* in the last number of this magazine.

X.

A subscriber sends us a rather interesting theory regarding the authorship of *The High Road:*

"Dear Sir: I read your very clear and illuminative review of 'Two Novels of Cynicism' in the July Bookman, and *then* I read the books.

"Surely you must see that Mrs. Wharton wrote them both! Her signed short story, 'Expiation,' gives her away.

"*The High Road* is the most brilliant thing she has done. It is so cruelly brilliant that nobody wonders she did not sign it. But it is undoubtedly hers. Look again.

"Yours sincerely,

"A Monthly Reader."

XI.

A botanical query:

"Could you tell me when carnations were first propagated? In *The Castaway,* George Gordon is always spoken of as wearing a carnation when in full dress. He speaks of presenting a lady with a carnation because she was fond of anything 'new and rare.' Now, Byron died in 1824. Were carnations known before then? Of course, we all know that pinks were probably in the Garden of Eden, but *when* were they first called carnations?

"Yours sincerely,

"S. J. J."

The cultivation of the carnation pink can be traced back in the history of floriculture for nearly two thousand years. We do not know just when the name "carnation" began to be used of this species of *Dianthus;* but certainly before Byron's time.

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THE MAN'S NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*

The late Frank Norris was probably not the first writer to use such phrases as "a man's man," "a man's woman," "a man's book,"—phrases containing a touch of unconscious arrogance, a tacit assumption that this particular type of man, or woman, or book, was necessarily a higher and more unique type than a woman's man, a woman's woman, a woman's book. But it is certain that since he used them, the vogue of these phrases has increased until it is now one of the commonplaces of current criticism to sum up a new volume as the story of a man's woman, or a woman's man, or more laconically still, a Man's Novel or a Woman's Novel. Now there is no question that there are some stories which appeal especially to one of the sexes, and some which may be read with pleasure by both. Many a popular success of the last decade would have stood and gathered dust on its shelf, without the enthusiasm of its feminine readers; and many another which men have chuckled over, and quoted to their friends in and out of office hours, have proved sad disappointments to the women of the household when at last they have been allowed to take their turn at reading it. Yes, undoubtedly there are men's novels and women's novels, plenty of them; but are there any plain, unmistakable hall-marks by which they may be known? Is there, in short, a distinct genus, the Man's Novel, and if so, what are its distinguishing traits, physical or psychological?

Now, in trying to answer a question like this, the first obvious thought which arises is, what sort of writers in the past have appealed especially to their male readers,—what novelists of established reputation are recognised as interpreting life in a manner peculiarly satisfying to the masculine mind? The early pioneers of fiction who won their place among the world's great writers, from Rabelais and Cervantes to Defoe and Fielding and Smollett, wrote primarily for men, and their readers have been chiefly men, from their own day down to ours. They were frank, outspoken, robust writers, ever readier to laugh than to weep over the world's lapses in virtue. With startling directness, they gave the plain blunt names to many other things than spades, and with little regard for the sensibilities of delicate ears. Yet certainly it was not for their coarseness, but rather in spite of it, that men who were men read and valued them, and put them on the shelf of the world's classics. The world's foibles and vices are, unfortunately, a part of the web and woof of life, and the conscientious novelist cannot disregard them. But to the masculine mind, it is less offensive to get the bare truth with the verbal directness of a medical text book, than the same idea wrapped up in a mist of perfumed words. A man will usually give the preference to Zola, in spite of his moral garbage and soiled linen, over Bourget, who hides equivalent immoralities under the heavy fragrance of the boudoir.

If men's taste in fiction is not a question of morals, neither is it a question of subject-matter. A novel may be a love story, or it may be a story of adventure without a woman in it from the first page to the last. And in either case, if it has that elusive, indefinable quality which certain books possess, it will be a strong, sincere, virile book,—an unmistakable Man's Novel. Of the novelists of to-day, the two who are everywhere recognised as appealing primarily to men are Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad. The women in *Kim* are a negligible quantity; in reading *Children of the Sea,* one almost forgets that women exist. But

*Nostromo. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Sea Wolf. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Blazed Trail Stories. By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

The Common Lot. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The President. By Alfred Henry Lewis. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Mastery. By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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there is abundant feminine psychology in Conrad's *Almayer's Folly,* in Kipling's *Without Benefit of Clergy;* yet the power of these stories is recognised by men rather than by women.

On the whole, it seems that the power to write the Man's Novel is not a question of subject or method or literary school, but of the individual novelist's attitude towards life. And probably the nearest approach that one can make to a set formula is to quote those hackneyed lines from Byron, "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart; 'tis woman's whole existence." The man's novel, whether it treats of love or not, frankly recognises that there are other interests in life that are fully as important. And if in the onward rush of the story the heroine is lost sight of, for a hundred pages or more; if a soldier's honour or friendship's loyalty is weighed in the balance against woman's love; if the woman dies or a rival wins her before the story is half told,—none the less the book may stand as a prime favourite with its men readers, when women discard it as dull and disappointing. Dumas is one of the writers who never pall upon masculine readers. Men who read *Les Trois Mousquetaires* in their school-days take it up again in middle age and renew their youth over its pages. There is a whimsical interest in asking what would be the fate of that sword-and-buckler classic if it were possible to send its virgin manuscript now for the first time to a modern publisher. Is there any question but what it would be promptly returned, with a request for extensive alteration? "An interesting story, with some good characters and unusual situations, but sadly in need of cutting. Could the author see his way to eliminating some of the episodes, such as the siege of La Rochelle, which seem to have no direct bearing upon the central love story? The character of little Mme. Bonacieux, also needs modification, she is much too vague; besides, the public will scarcely stand for the questionable relations which are implied to exist between her and the hero. Another serious blemish is that she disappears from the story during more than half its length. It would be a great improvement if she could be made, upon some pretext, to accompany the four guardsmen on their wild ride to London, after the queen's diamonds. And really, the last chapter will have to be entirely rewritten; it would never do to have the story end sadly. D'Artagnan should arrive in time to dash the poisoned cup from the hand of the woman he loves, and in the joy of having saved her, he should successfully intercede with his friends and spare them the crime of Lady de Winter's murder. With these changes, we do not hesitate to say that we should be glad to publish the story." Is this an exaggeration? Dumas's masterpiece, thus disfigured, would bear an interesting resemblance to many a volume that is being turned out annually from the modern press, under the fond delusion that it is a creditable imitation of the genuine, the inimitable Dumas. This is the era of the woman's novel and the matinee hero. And that is why, when you pick out the writers who are strong enough to picture love in its true proportions, in relation to the serious business of life,—the daily grind of business, the tangled web of politics, the arduous service of the world's workers, in the woods, on the high seas, along the battle front,—you find that you have picked out the writers of the strongest individuality, the most distinct promise, the authors who, all things considered, have the best chance to live.

Conrad's "Nostromo."

There may be some women who read and enjoy the works of Joseph Conrad; but the present writer has not happened to meet them. Of his popularity among men, however, a good illustration is afforded by a little incident related by a man who was formerly a city editor, and who is now, as always, a shrewd judge both of men and of books. He was at the time studying political conditions in the West, and one night attended a dinner at which he was probably the only guest who could lay claim to any literary attainments. The others were of the type of the energetic, successful Westerner: men no longer young; men who had worked their way upward from the ranch and the mine; men from whom one would not look for an opinion upon books. And throughout the greater part of the dinner books were not mentioned. But finally, by chance, this former city editor spoke the name of Conrad; and quickly, from the other end of the long

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table, a voice inquired, "Do you mean the Conrad who wrote *Lord Jim?*" Immediately the whole table was engaged in an eager animated discussion; almost to a man the entire company had read that book, and every one of them was ready with his individual impression, conjecture and enthusiastic appreciation of *Lord Jim.*

Now such a concrete bit of evidence regarding Conrad's popularity with masculine readers is of value; because, if one were simply theorising on the subject, one would hesitate to include Conrad among the authors likely to appeal widely to readers of either sex who lack the finer literary instinct. His style, wonderful as it is, does not make easy reading. It resembles nothing so much as the depth, the mystery, the riotous luxuriance of a tropical forest. There are puges and chapters where you move forward cautiously, peering ahead at the vague forms of thoughts that you see suggested; and then, suddenly, there comes an open spot, illuminated with the sunshine of perfectly clear mental pictures, crowding tumultuously upon you; a flash and flare of rainbow colouring seems to streak the page with scarlet and purple and gold. That in brief is an epitome of Conrad's art: to keep you at one time groping in the dark, shrinking from unguessed horrors dimly seen through fog and mist; and the next moment to blind you with the unexpected flood of mental light. And back of his method lies a vein of unguessed richness, an inexhaustible mine of untold stories. He gives you the impression that, instead of pouring out all that he knows of strange lands and alien races, he is holding himself severely in check,—sketching in here and there one face and form out of the hundreds that elbow themselves forward in his memory; condensing these sketches down to the fewest possible strong, impressionistic strokes, so as to leave space on his crowded canvas for other importunate memories constantly clamouring for recognition. Other writers before Conrad have possessed the art of painting crowds, jostling throngs in the street, armies of men on the march and in the heat of action; but they have produced their effects by a flood of detail poured out upon the page with the reckless lavishness of one who paints with a palette knife. Conrad's distinction lies in the power of suggestion, the ability to make you feel that, however much he shows you of life, there is vastly more that he leaves untold.

Some of Conrad's stories may be summed up in a dozen words. *Falk,* for instance, is a study of a man haunted by the nightmare memory of cannibalism. *Typhoon* is an allegory, half epic, half satiric, of the impotence of physical life before the blind, unchained forces of nature,—a fable told with all the forceful brevity of *Le Chêne et le Roseau* of La Fontaine. *Nostromo,* Mr. Conrad's new volume, belongs to a different category. From whatever side you view it, it is too big, too complex, too full of dim, unfathomed places to be easily or briefly epitomised. It has probably more actual story to it, of a dramatic sort, more of the greed and sordidness and knavery of human nature, than any of his previous books. Primarily, it is the story of a silver mine and a buried treasure, in a little South American republic, where the people, like the land itself, are volcanic. It is a kaleidoscopic picture of a grasping, rapacious conflict between a government, on the one hand, ever tottering on the brink of revolution; and the private owners of the mine, on the other, for such mutual concessions and privileges as would convert that mine from the white elephant it has always been into a profitable investment. More specifically, it is the story of the life of an exceptional man. Nostromo, as he is called by his English employers, the officials of the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company,—who coin the name out of the Italian words which they misunderstand and mispronounce,—is a Genoese sailor who decides to remain at Sulaco, in the capacity of *Capataz de Cargadores,* captain of the company's lightermen and caretaker of the jetty. Now the keynote of Nostromo's character is a curious sort of pride, a love of self-importance. By day and by night, sleepless, vigilant, alert, he is ever at the service of the entire population, native and foreign. Of infinite resource and magnetic temperament, he has worked his way into the confidence and esteem of Spanish officials, English agents, and the scum and rabble of the foreign quarter; and none in Sulaco is too low or too high to touch hat to him and exchange cordial words of

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greeting. Perhaps the nearest approach to a brief analysis of the complex web of this book is to say that it tells how this Nostromo, whose pride and joy, whose whole stock-in-trade in life, is his integrity, his unblemished reputation, becomes a thief,—it is a study of the curse which may come from the secret knowledge of a buried treasure.

"The Sea Wolf."

It is always pleasant to see authors in whom one has a deep-rooted faith making steady forward strides with each new volume. *The Sea Wolf,* by Jack London, is a case in point. It is easily the best piece of work that he has yet done. It shows most clearly where his true strength lies; it also shows that his limitations are not so narrow as such books as *Children of the Frost* had led one to infer. The central thought of *The Sea Wolf,* in its simplest form, has served two other writers already. The germ idea of Kipling's *Captains Courageous* was the tonic value which the rough usage of six months on board a fishing schooner would be to a spoiled, pampered millionaire's son, a boy with hands like a girl's, a digestion ruined by cigarettes and candy, a natural manliness in danger of being stunted by absurdly false notions of life. Frank Norris's *Moran of the Lady Letty,* stripped of side-issues, was Kipling's story applied to the case of a man instead of a boy. Harvey Cheyne was on the high road to ruin; in Ross Wilbur's case the harm had been done already. His usefulness in life was limited to leading cotillions and frequenting pink teas. But one night he is shanghaied on board of a whaler bound for the south Pacific; and in the course of the next few months has the elegance all kicked and beaten out of him, and his lost manhood kicked and beaten into him, —heroic but highly efficacious treatment. Jack London's *Sea Wolf* is another *Moran of the Lady Letty,* without Frank Norris's epic strength, and with much more grimness and brutality. Mr. London's Humphrey Van Weyden is not shanghaied; there is a hideous steamship collision in a fog, just outside the Golden Gate, with ghastly loss of life, and a screaming of women that rings in your ears as you read. Van Weyden is picked up by a small sealing vessel, commanded by Wolf Larsen, a brawny giant, brutal, conscienceless, half insane. Larsen might easily put Van Weyden on board a home-bound steamer—there is one within hailing distance. But his glance takes in the landsman's white hands and flaccid muscles,—and some grim sense of humour stirring in the Sea Wolf's disordered brain, prompts him to hold Van Weyden captive, and make him perform the duties of cabin boy and general drudge throughout the sealing season. The book is a record of brutality, pictured with such pitiless vividness that more than once even a hardened reader flinches from it a little, and falls to turning over the pages at a quickened pace, from the same instinct that makes one hurry past the scene of an accident. Larsen is a new type in fiction; a man absolutely devoid of moral sense, of human sympathy, of faith in heaven above or the earth beneath; a primitive man, a reversion to the primordial type of the stone age,—and yet, by curious contrast, possessed of a cultured mind, with an appreciation of the philosophy of Spencer and Huxley, the poetry of Shakespeare and the Rubaiyat. He is a strange anomaly, this nineteenth century viking, who is one moment quoting quatrains, and the next is torturing his fellow men with the fiendishness of the Inquisition. One fears, as one reads, that the close of such a book must inevitably be an anticlimax,—that the strength must spend itself before the halfway point is reached. But such a fear is groundless. The seeds of a mysterious and furtive brain disease, like some unseen cancerous growth, slowly devouring one brain cell after another, "cutting the wires" that connect the inner life with the outside world, lead to a doom as grim and gruesome as any to be found within the range of modern fiction. One needs strong nerves to read *The Sea Wolf* to a finish.

"Blazed Trail Stories."

Of the younger American writers, few deserve so well the recognition extended to them as Stewart Edward White. There is a strong, clean virility about him that seems to go well with the atmosphere of his chosen scenes,—the tonic breath of northern forests, the fragrance of balsam, the wide freedom of limitless

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avenues of trees, of unbroken expanses of snow. In some respects, Mr. White's short stories are more enjoyable than his longer books. To be sure, one gets in them rather less of nature and woodcraft; but on the other hand, one gets a greater number of vivid, rapid portraits of the sort of men who live their lives close to nature, men who are what they are, not from heredity, nor from choice, but from the force of environment,—men who, like his Foreman, his "Roaring Dick of the woods," represent the "dominant spirit, the incarnation of necessity, the Man defending his Work!" The stories in this volume are not all stories of the Blazed Trail; they belong to the wild life of the far West, as well as the far North. But whether they picture the lawlessness of ranch, or mine, or lumber camp, the keynote of them all is the same, —the common man, transfigured by a noble courage, in defence of work that is worth defending.

"The Common Lot."

The first distinct impression that Robert Herrick made in fiction, through his *Gospel of Freedom*, classed him as a woman's novelist of the psychological order, rather than a writer likely to appeal to the average busy, thoughtful man. Mr. Herrick's subsequent volumes have been of rather negative value, until now. But his latest, *The Common Lot*, is easily the strongest book that he has yet written. There are women in the story, but somehow they do not greatly count, although they are drawn with sympathetic understanding. The real interest of the book concerns itself with the work-a-day problems of a business career, with all the sordidness and the temptations of present-day business conditions. Mr. Herrick's hero is a young architect, who opens his office in Chicago, soon after his return from Paris, with all the idealism of a *Beaux Arts* training fresh upon him. But he is poor, ambitious and full of expensive tastes; he has lately been disappointed in the hope of inheriting a fortune; and he has just added to his burden the handicap of matrimony. Temptation assails him in the shape of compromise between his ideals and his pocketbook. He has only to close his eyes to the dishonesty of contractors, the connivance of building inspectors, in order to reap a golden harvest. And before long, a bigger temptation still comes to him through the very fortune that he once expected to inherit. It was left, instead, to endow an educational and charitable institution, for the erection of which he is engaged as architect. Now by direct collusion between the contractor and himself, involving several buildings in one enterprise, and recklessly disregarding specifications, he sees the way to pocket a large share of the fortune that he still regards as rightfully his own. But reckless defiance of the fire laws is shortly followed by a disastrous fire and a sickening loss of life; and before he quite realises what is happening, a coroner's jury brings in a verdict against him, among others, for manslaughter. The scene of the story is Chicago, and the narrative is developed with admirable unity of purpose.

"The President."

When done with an assured touch, the political novel can be relied upon to appeal to men. The two latest specimens of this class are *The President*, by Alfred Henry Lewis, and *The Mastery*, by Mark Lee Luther. The chief criticism that one feels inclined to make of Mr. Lewis's book is that it is not sufficiently impersonal. He is constantly obtruding his own personal impressions of American politics, its machinery and its corruption, instead of conveying the same thoughts through the medium of his characters. Oftentimes the effect of his digressions is that of caricature; the novelist is lost in the verbal cartoonist. Here, for instance, is a passage that is fairly characteristic:

"The Senate of this republic . . . was a thing of granite and ice to all newcomers. The oldsters took no more notice of the novice in their midst than if he had not been. . . . Each sat in mighty state, like some ancient walrus on his cake of ice, and made the new one feel his littleness. If through ignorance or worse, the new one sought to be heard, the old walruses goggle-eyed him ferociously."

The specific story which Mr. Lewis has to tell deals with the aspirations which a particular "old walrus" has for the presidential chair, and with the final disappointment of these aspirations, through the complications of politics,

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Wall Street, and the importunate love affairs of a younger generation. The hero is a young fellow who, becoming tired of being sought for the sake of his millions, chooses, for the time being, to masquerade as the protégé and private secretary of his own steward,—a grave, high-class English servant whom he successfully launches in Washington society as an Englishman of birth and distinction. Meanwhile the young masquerader amuses himself by becoming Washington correspondent for an influential New York paper that he has secretly bought the controlling interest in; and having fallen in love with the "old walrus's" daughter, diplomatically fosters the father's hopes of the presidency. As a story, the book is amusing, but not profound. As a satire on existing political conditions, it has, as already said, a merit analogous to the political cartoon.

"The Mastery."

A more dignified and more ambitious book is *The Mastery,* by Mr. Luther. This is a study of politics in the state of New York. Just how far the author has drawn his characters from life, how far his triumvirate who hold the destinies of the state in their grasp, are simple or composite photographs, readers who are close in touch with the political world will probably amuse themselves in trying to trace. In any case, the history of Philip Drew's rise in politics, his steady adherence to his fundamental ideals, his success in keeping his record clean in spite of wire-pulling, and bribery and corruption; his final winning of the mastery over his rivals and his enemies, and the struggle of a woman to win the mastery over him,—all this makes a story of rather unusual strength and rapid, unflagging action; although the men in it are drawn with far more sureness of touch than the women. The heroine impresses one, especially, as inconsistent. It is difficult to believe that a woman whose love is genuine could have demanded, as this woman did, as a price of her consent to marry, that the man should by fair means or foul block the attempt of her dead father's life-long enemy to succeed to her father's seat in the United States Senate. The political side of the story, however, is told with rare verve and convincing vividness.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE ELIZABETHAN LYRISTS

A countless host of singing stars are they
Whose songs made long ago are sweet to-day;
And like the stars, enduring as the sun—
Shakespeare from whom their radiance is won.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

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BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

The Elizabethan Sonnets.*

Everybody knows that Shakespeare wrote a number of sonnets; but it is not so generally understood how thoroughly the sonnet was a matter of fashion in Shakespeare's day. Some notion of its vogue in those times may be derived from the fact that during the sixteenth century, so it has been calculated, there were more than 300,000 sonnets produced in Western Europe. These sonnets, particularly those of an amorous nature, were often gathered into collections or "sequences" and were dubbed with the poetic pseudonyms of the inexpressive she's who might be supposed their inspirers, and who were, in fact, often saluted by their adorers as so many tenth Muses. Of such collections the present reissue of Arber's "English Garner" contains fifteen examples, comprising work of Sidney's, Drayton's, Spenser's, Daniel's —in short, representing a large and by all odds the most important of the sonneteering activity during the Elizabethan period, exclusive of Shakespeare's.

Such is the character of the book. And as it is now one of the most available sources for the study of this particular product, it is too bad that the text, which is virtually Arber's with the insertion of some additional matter, should not have been thoroughly revised. In some of the additions, for instance, an old spelling is retained after the present fashion, while in others it has suffered modernisation. Sometimes the syllabic -ed is indicated, sometimes not. The punctuation too ought to have been thoroughly overhauled. And it is to be wished that some one had taken the trouble to provide the Diana with a specification of Constable's contributions.

But these are minor matters after all and need not detain us. The most noteworthy part of the whole performance is the general introduction by Mr. Sidney Lee, who undertakes to assign the Elizabethan love-sonnet to its proper niche in the gallery of comparative literature. In order to indicate intelligibly what he has done, however, it will be necessary to explain briefly the nature of the collection.

What must strike the general reader most forcibly in looking over these sonnets—for with many of them reading is an impossible operation—is their wretchedness from the modern literary point of view. Historically and relatively they may be of some interest and importance; artistically and absolutely—if it is permissible to speak of an absolute in such affairs—they are of little or none either in matter or manner. Of course it is hardly to be expected of Elizabethan poetry, as a whole, that it should display the high and exquisite finish which we regard nowadays as indispensable to verse. And especially in the case of these sonnets it is evident on the face of it that the writers are dealing with a form and a versification which, for some reason or other, they have acquired only very imperfectly and which in spite of their efforts still remains strange and foreign-seeming. Their work, judge it by what standard you will, is exceedingly crude and ungainly, marked by lapses of taste and by discordant notes of all kinds, by violent wrenchings and inversions of sense and construction, and by a pathetic powerlessness to marry ictus and accent or to force recalcitrant rhymes into their proper places.

Here and there, of course, there are visible a few flashes of that brilliant, if fitful lightning which was at this very moment playing about the contemporary drama—a fairly picturesque phrase or a sultry gleam of Elizabethan spirit:

> "Plain patched experience, the unlettered's guide,"

or

> "From looking on the earth whence she was born
> Her mind remember'th her mortality."

But in general, it must be acknowledged, one had to grub pretty industriously to find anything worth while. The last advice that the writers have thought of following is that of Sidney's Muse, "Look

*Elizabethan Sonnets. With an Introduction by Sidney Lee. 2 vols. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

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in thy heart and write." They present love, not as it is naturally seen by the individual or yet by humanity, but as an arbitrary and invariable convention. Their conception is inevitably composed of two main features: the lover's constancy and desperation and his mistress's surpassing beauty and coldness. She has plundered the flower gardens of their sweets, the mines of Ophir and Ind of their treasures, Olympus of its perfections. Her cheek puts the roses to shame, her hand the lilies; her teeth are pearls, her eyes suns; she is lovely, not as Venus, who was rather too eligible a deity for our sonneteers, but as Juno, as wise as Minerva, as chaste as Diana, after whose example she delights to hound her lover to death, Actæon-like, with his own thoughts. As for that unfortunate gentleman himself, he spends his time in lamentation and weeping, when he is not inditing of canzones to his lady; he tosses nightly on a sleepless pillow; in the course of a little time his weeps form a fountain by which he sits complaining to Echo, occasionally rousing to arbitrate between his eyes and heart while they dispute whether of the twain is guilty of first admitting love. And all this ingenious nonsense is further exaggerated and dilated by every imaginable sort of conceit, quirk, and oddity. Of the genealogy of Pain, for example, we are informed that he is child to Curse, foster-child to Human Weakness, brother to Woe, father to Complaint, and a guest of Constraint. One thing alone does the reader seldom or never meet with—the thrill of a genuine feeling or the warm pervasive aura of a real personality. It would appear as though these poetasters had deliberately selected some lady of their acquaintance, the more distant the better, and had proceeded to make up on her their literary exercises in accordance with the invariable prescription. In fact Giles Fletcher, author of *Licia,* admits that for once there is no woman in the case at all—or rather that she is a mere Platonic phantasm, a kind of allegorised idea. In one sense, indeed, the writers may be said to have had a kind of basis of fact. Undoubtedly they turned to account such general incidents of their daily experience as were suggestive and could be readily poetised to fit the form. But basis is always trivial. The main thing was the elaboration of the conventional pattern with which it was to be overlaid. And with the exception of Shakespeare, whose actuality is unmistakable, their final impression is of utter airiness and insubstantiality.

To this general run of mediocrity or worse, as we should now reckon it, there are naturally some exceptions. Principal among such are Sidney's "With how sad steps, O moon!" "Come, sleep, O sleep!" and "Leave me. O Love!" Daniel's "Care-charmer sleep"; Spenser's "One day I wrote her name upon the sand"; and Drayton's exquisite "Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part," certainly the gem of the collection, though it belongs in reality to a later period. Most of these are well known or are to be found in the "Golden Treasury." For this reason it will be better to quote a sonnet—Barnes's—which is less familiar but well worth reading as an illustration of their higher reaches.

"Ah, sweet Content! where is thy mild abode?
Is it with shepherds and light-hearted Swains,
Which sing upon the downs and pipe abroad,
Tending their flocks and cattle on the plains?
Ah, sweet Content! where dost thou safely rest?
In heaven with angels? Which the praises sing
Of him that made and rules at his behest,
The minds and hearts of every living thing.
Ah, sweet Content! where doth thine harbour hold?
Is it in churches with religious men,
Which please the gods with prayers manifold;
And in their studies meditate it then?
Whether dost thou in heaven or earth appear;
Be where thou wilt! Thou wilt not harbour here!"

But such exceptions as this are very rare indeed—and as for the rest they are essentially as has been described.

At first thought there is something very curious, almost disconcerting about this sterility in an age that we have been accustomed to prefer before all others for its spontaneity, imagination, and fire. Half a dozen good sonnets—the list was early exhaustive—out of a thousand; and it is difficult to pick up a play of the time without finding more than one

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evidence of great, if irregular, power! What, then, is the explanation of this anomaly? As a matter of fact no serious answer to the question has ever been attempted—possibly the question itself could not have been intelligently profounded—before Mr. Lee's introductory essay to these volumes. Of his solution —or rather of the solution which suffers itself to be drawn from his work—the substance may be briefly epitomised as follows:

It is hardly necessary to repeat that the sonnet was introduced into England for the first time about the middle of the sixteenth century by Wyatt and Surrey, who had it themselves from Petrarch. But it was not exactly in continuation of this original impulse that the great flood of Elizabethan sonnet literature began to flow in 1591. By that time the sonnet was the rage throughout Europe, not only in Italy, the land of its birth, but also in France, where it had been fixed by the *Pléiade,* a group of writers devoted to the domestication of Italian literature, among whom Ronsard is the most prominent. And it was from this secondary or derivative source, this cistern or reservoir, that the sonneteers of Elizabeth pumped their supplies. The best of them, such men as Sidney and Spenser, were, to be sure, acquainted with Italian literature at first hand. But even they were indebted in considerable measure to the French, whereas for the feebler run of versifiers they had frequently enough no other support except their English contemporaries. Nor was this debt in any case merely formal or confined to the vague sphere of poetic influence or inspiration. Not only is the whole conception of the *genre* borrowed, but the particulars of its execution are appropriated as well. The same ideas and notions, the conceits and figures, the same individual features, recur through the entire lineage, Italian, French, and English. Even their vacuous idealism is a remote echo of Petrarchan Platonism. In short, to cut down a long story, the English sonnet is not only a fad and liable to all the abuses of an artificial fashion, it is also a *rechauffé,* a mere imitation of an imitation, even a line for line translation of foreign models and ideas, not particularly consonant, it may be added, with the English genius, and therefore exhibits the failings and awkwardnesses to which a work of such sort is liable. Of this fact there can be no reasonable doubt after even a cursory examination of Mr. Lee's citations and references. And, indeed, the product itself, as has been noticed, exhibits many of the earmarks of translation; it is usually stiff and splay, dull, diffuse, and mechanical.

Such is, in general, the natural history of the Elizabethan sonnet. In regard to some of Mr. Lee's conclusions, however, a word or two remain to be said. Against the sonneteers as a body he seems to have made out his case. But against Lodge and Spenser, for example, he appears to have exaggerated matters a little. A great robber Lodge may have been, like Hawkins and Drake and Raleigh; but at the same time there is a comparative ease—the whole phenomenon can be spoken of only comparatively—a comparative ease and freedom about his writing which may explain, if not justify, the common opinion held of him, upon which Mr. Lee pounces with all the assurance of a positive method. While as for Spenser he hardly does full justice to the technically poetic qualities of his Amoretti, though he makes for them a rather more liberal allowance than usual. The Amoretti show no great inspiration, but they do show an advanced knowledge of the musical capabilities of verse, of which Mr. Lee says nothing.

And, indeed, this mode of treatment is singularly indicative of his whole procedure. In his enthusiasm for his thesis he forgets that these men for all their pilfering preserve a distinctly personal flavour. In spite of conventionality and tradition a sonnet by Lodge is an entirely different matter from a sonnet by Daniel or Constable, or any other of that poetic brotherhood.

"Sweet bees have hived their honey on thy tongue,
And Hebe spiced her nectar with thy breath."
(Lodge: Phillis, xxii.)

"Danger hath honour! great designs their fame!
Glory doth follow! Courage goes before!
And though the event oft answers not the same;
Suffice that high attempts have never shame.
The Mean-Observer (whom base safety keeps)

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Lives without honour, dies without a name;
And in eternal darkness ever sleeps."
(Daniel: Delia xxx.)

"O that I never had been born at all!
Or being, had been born of shepherds' brood!
Then should I not in such mischances fall!
Quiet my water; and Content my food!"
(Barnes: Parthenophil and Parthenope lxv.)

The list might be extended indefinitely; but this will suffice. In other words, there is actually something in the work besides the model which it follows. Even formally it is something more than a mere transcript after all; for even though the writers did not succeed in making a strictly correct sonnet, they did occasionally succeed in making something which is not a wholly unacceptable substitute.

"Not causeless were you christened, gentle flowers,
The one of faith, the other fancy's pride;
For she who guides both faith and fancy's power,
In your fair colours laps her ivory side.

* * * * *

"And as nor tyrant sun nor winter weather
May ever change sweet amaranthus' hue,
So she, though love and fortune join together,
Will never leave to be both fair and true."
(Lodge: Phillis xxviii.)

And for this peculiar merit, for the faint elusive scent of a personality long since withered, it is not difficult to cultivate a taste and a sentiment. But for any such delicate titillation Mr. Lee is in the wrong mood. He ignores the fact that in the main all this work was actually intended to be the very thing it is—an essay in ingenuity, an attempt to produce an "intellectual" poetry by a group of "wits," who were in a manner precursors of Donne and the "metaphysicals" and who would have resented the imputation of mere prettiness or even of passion as bitterly as Cowley himself. And hence it is that failing to relate it to life on the one hand and on the other missing its most important literary affinity, he has failed in, so far, to grasp its vital significance as a poetic manifestation.

Prosser Hall Frye.

II.

Professor Hugo Münsterberg's "Die Amerikaner."*

To Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard, belongs the distinction of having published his opinion of America twice. Some of his readers may be unkind enough to say rather that he has published two different opinions. In his first book, the *American Traits,* published in 1891, our German friend strove "to criticise sharply the weaknesses of American civilisation, and to place in contrast with these weaknesses the depth and beauty of German civilisation." Quite naturally this process provoked some over-zealous American patriots to protest loudly. They were not mollified by Professor Münsterberg's announcement in his preface that so far as he could prevent it, "no copy of the book shall reach the European Continent," nor were they reconciled by his "serious request that no one . . . should quote or translate from this little book in a German paper over in the Fatherland." It was quite too bad, they thought, that such unkind things, whether true or not, should be said of one, to one's own face and in one's own country,—especially by a foreigner.

Decidedly these zealous persons should have waited. For in the preface to the *American Traits,* Professor Münsterberg announced another, gentler work on America, to be published for readers in the *Vaterland* exclusively. It was his harsh intention, with regard to this book, however, "to take pains . . . that none of the amiabilities I may have to promulgate over there shall recross the ocean and dull my criticism here."

The promised German version of Professor Münsterberg's view of American life made its appearance some months ago in Berlin, under the title *Die Amerikaner (The Americans).* Its two heavy volumes rejoice in flaming covers, abundantly gilt lettered, and bearing very hump-backed reproductions of the American flag,—altogether books which arouse the critical instinct, or a worse passion, even before they are opened. Yet to re-

*Die Amerikaner. By Professor Hugo Münsterberg. Two volumes. E. S. Mittler u. Sohn, Berlin, 1904.

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view *Die Amerikaner* would seem to involve the distressing dilemma either of suppressing the "amiabilities" promulgated by the author on the other side of the water, or else of violating the wish which he expressed in the preface of his *American Traits.* Now, however, that Professor Münsterberg has allowed himself to be persuaded to publish an English edition of his book,* every fear of offending in this way would seem to be removed.

Even without this excuse justification for the reviewer might have been found in the plea that it would harmonise with Professor Münsterberg's main purpose in writing *Die Amerikaner,* namely the bringing about of more cordial relations between Germany and the United States. For in spite of our author's frequent glorifications of the pure scientific spirit, it must be admitted that his political work is decidedly on the order of what his countrymen call *tendenziös,*—it looks throughout to some definite, practical, partisan result. Herein lies its greatest strength, for Professor Münsterberg is a clever special pleader; and likewise its greatest weakness. This characterisation is as true of his earlier as it is of his later book. Possibly the best method to encourage educational reform in the United States was to scold American educators from a German point of view, even to scold them more severely than they deserved. Such apparently was the *motif* of the *American Traits.* Possibly the best means to cause the coy, suspicious German to love the United States is to place before him a roseate picture of American life, "an exposition of American motives and ideals as they appear to the American himself." Such is the avowed purpose of *Die Amerikaner.* (I. vii.) But the American nation, like all others, is endowed with its share of national vanity, and, quite possibly, may overestimate its virtues. To present this home-grown over-estimate of American goodness to a public already more than sufficiently imbued with distrust of America may have quite the opposite effect from that intended by Professor Münsterberg. His German readers may desire the truth unadorned, and not "amiabilities"; they may want naked facts rather than facts dressed up, perhaps unconsciously in many cases, to catch their particular taste or to serve the psychological theories and political ideals of the writer himself. In this point lies the great distinction between the work of Professor Münsterberg, and that of Bryce on the *American Commonwealth* or of Bodley on *France.* The latter are sympathetic enough surely, but they seek first and always to paint faithful pictures of contemporary conditions, regardless of what their fellow-citizens at home may think of the countries described. Professor Münsterberg, on the other hand, is too much concerned about the political effect in Germany of his views on America to reach the high level of absolute fidelity to real life; he is so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of taking the psychological processes of his readers into account that, paradoxically enough, he fails in the end to become a truly objective and reliable expositor.

In no single feature of the book is this more apparent than in the rubrics chosen for its four principal subdivisions. These deal with our political, economic, intellectual, and social life, and are prefaced respectively by chapters on the Spirits of Self-determination, Self-activity, Self-perfection, and Self-assertion. To the German reader, accustomed to seek for a *System,* or at least for a *Systemchen* everywhere, the presentation of American life in terms of these four fundamental psychological impulses will doubtless appear to be one of the greatest merits of Professor Münsterberg's book. Familiar with the true complexity of the subject, the American reader, on the other hand, must often find himself wondering whether these four motives, metaphysically wide and vague as they are, really do account adequately for the phenomena of our national life in its principal subdivisions.

The impulse of self-determination, for instance, is declared by Professor Münsterberg to lie at the basis of American politics; that is, "the individual or the group, the narrower or the wider association, must decide for itself unconditionally, and must determine its own course of action; otherwise the deed loses all real significance to the American."

*Announced by McClure, Phillips and Co., about 600 pp., $2.50.

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(I. 53.) Would this were true indeed! Yet no one can maintain that such is the universal rule in American politics, while many, pointing to the boss and the machine, to the political indifferentism of certain classes, the servility and venality of others, would be inclined to deny that it was even largely characteristic of our political life in some of the most highly developed sections of the country. To prevent misunderstanding, let it be said most frankly that Professor Münsterberg is aware of the existence of these evils in the state. The point here, however, is that they can hardly be made to fit into his concept of self-determination as our basic political impulse.

Similarly with regard to the reputed fundamental economic impulse. The spirit of self-activity, of joy in work for work's sake, is unquestionably stronger in America than in Europe. No one has developed this point more clearly and aptly than Professor Münsterberg; no one has criticised more mercilessly the Continental prejudice that boundless greed alone lies at the bottom of our economic life. The passion for self-activity in this sense of the term, however, is by no means universal, even among the native born population of the United States. Its importance, wherever it does exist, has been fully recognised by students of industrial affairs. Our economists, however, are still far from abandoning their time-honoured foundation of self-interest, to base their science upon the contributory motive of self-activity.

However frequently one feels inclined to differ with Professor Münsterberg, the frankness of the man whose first impulse was to criticise us in our own language, and praise us in another is always refreshing. No one can accuse him of lacking the courage to tell his German compatriots the unpleasant truth whenever it seems salutary. Thus with regard to the wild notion cherished by members of some circles in the *Vaterland* on the supposed attachment of the German-American to his former home and fealty, he is most emphatic. "The German-American," he writes, "is American heart and soul, and should it ever come to a bloody decision [between the two countries] with heavy heart he would even fight against the red, white, and black flag for the Stars and Stripes." (I. 23.)

More pleasing to the German readers of *Die Amerikaner* is Professor Münsterberg's view of the Monroe Doctrine. This, he is quite certain, we are about to abandon. No longer believing that the republic is the best form of government for all peoples, the statesmanlike American should welcome the establishment of German influences in South America. The usual arguments in support of this contention are presented admirably, and in conclusion Professor Münsterberg solemnly assures us that Germany has absolutely no thought of political foundations on South American soil. (I. 49.) "Ay, there's the rub!" Indeed, Professor Münsterberg himself later takes up a loud imperialist strain that can hardly be said to harmonise perfectly with his former pacific assurance. Recalling that all past history has shown the patient German to be the best pioneer of commerce in South America, he goes on to foretell the time as by no means far distant "when the territory of the Stars and Stripes will have extended itself over western Canada to Alaska, and annexed the whole of Central America, while, on the other hand, the Latin republics of South America will be planted with English, Italian, French, and German colonies." (I. 333.) How modestly the retiring German comes in at the end of this series of colonising powers! Just what is to be the status of these European colonies in the midst of South American republics, Professor Münsterberg discreetly avoids discussing. It must be admitted, however, that a very sinister light is reflected upon that subject by his reference to Canadian and Central American annexations by the United States. Considering the context, these alluring additions to our territory might almost appear to be suggested as a *quid pro quo* for allowing somebody else a free hand in South America.

The Monroe Doctrine has been attacked so frequently of late that any difference of opinion with Professor Münsterberg on this point may readily be forgiven, and forgotten too, for that matter. More exasperating are a number of smaller errors into which he falls with regard to American political affairs. Governors of states do not exercise the

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same functions as the president in a more restricted sphere (I. 93); mayors of cities are not accustomed to grant street railway franchises either corruptly or otherwise (I. 125); opposition to a third presidential term does not date from the time of George Washington (I. 131); Governor Odell, of New York, has done anything but distinguish himself by opposing peanut politics *à la* Roosevelt (I. 144); etc., etc. Far outweighing all errors great and small, however, is the service which Professor Münsterberg has performed both for German and American readers by his luminous discussion of the most hackneyed topic in the whole range of American politics,—public opinion. Here the training of the psychologist came to his assistance in telling fashion, and the result is an essay which will be ranked high among the contributions of foreign observers to the study of our political affairs. (I. 220-245.) The race question is also handled most admirably. (I. 261-282.) His chapters on recent economic questions,—silver, tariff, trusts, and labour, are conservative, and manifestly seek to do justice between the views of our two great political parties. Nevertheless, the writer's inclination to favour Republican policies is at times clearly in evidence.

Contrasted with the ordinary German tourist type of sketchy "New World" books, *Die Amerikaner* stands out boldly as the more thoughtful and extended work of a man who lived and worked among us for a decade before he ventured to describe us to his countrymen. Yet the advantage is not always with Professor Münsterberg. Some things he saw too often and too close at hand. New England influences saturate him to such an extent that the part played by the South and the frontier in the making of the present day American is pitifully shrivelled in his historical sketches. Harvard's moral and intellectual grandeur so impresses itself upon him that he tells us gravely that drinking and card playing are practically unknown among its students, while of the old "grads" he fondly writes: "They know that to be a Harvard man means to belong for life to the guard of honour of the nation." (II. 83.) After eleven pages illuminated by such glowing sentiments, to say nothing of countless florid references to Harvard and Harvard men scattered through both volumes, Yale is consigned in twenty lines of very faint praise to the destination familiarly assigned to that college by her enemies. The paragraph on Chicago University (II. 88) is masterly, and will be read with delight, at least by all not connected with that institution. Too often, however, the reader has the impression that the west, educationally speaking, exists for Professor Münsterberg simply as a subjective scale, whereon to indicate declining degrees of culture as the square of the distance from Harvard increases.

In the fourth part of *Die Amerikaner*, Professor Münsterberg adds little to the social comment of his earlier *American Traits* beyond an argument to show that aristocracy is developing at a rapid rate in the United States. It is to be feared that the word "aristocracy" is sadly misused in this connection. To German readers it signifies a definite institution characterised by the hereditary principle and to a less extent by wealth. What Professor Münsterberg means by the growth of aristocracy in the United States is the process of social differentiation which he finds going on, whereby men of family, wealth, higher education, and personal talent come to the front. (II. 304.) It would seem to be fairly evident to persons living outside Boston, and one or two other places in America, that the first of the above qualifications counts among us for comparatively little. Professor Münsterberg himself has pointed out that the second counts for considerably less than is currently thought to be the case in Europe. Yet it is the development of social influence based upon these two qualifications alone that would justify the use of the word "aristocracy" in a book designed primarily for European readers. As for the prominence of men in America, won through higher education and personal talent, that has nothing to do with aristocracy *per se*. Neither is it by any means a new thing in our history.

The weakness of Professor Münsterberg's aristocracy argument is best shown by his personal citations from our nobility. President Roosevelt seems to be relied upon chiefly to make out a case. "Never in his speeches or his writings

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has he cited the levelling principles of the Declaration of Independence" (I. 148), a statement which, whether correct or not, will hardly be exploited by the Republican national campaign committee. Mr. Roosevelt, we are also told, is the first real aristocrat in the White House for decades (I. 148, II. 305). "His predecessors, the McKinleys and Harrisons and Clevelands, were simply honest, every-day humdrum people." (II. 148.) The transformation of the White House to an "ornamental palace" is typical of the present president's aristocratic tendencies. And to cap the climax, we are initiated into the court gossip of two continents by being told that although Mr. Roosevelt and the German Emperor are compared with each other to the point of exaggeration, "both, it is reported, listen to such comparisons not unwillingly." (I. 48.)

Doubtless Dr. Burchard imagined himself to be promulgating "amiabilities" in his famous Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion speech. It is to be hoped that Professor Münsterberg's conception of the real springs of American social and political leadership may be not be taken so seriously. There can be little doubt that the readers of his book abroad will discount it liberally, while in spite of its originality and fascination, readers in America will put it down with the half-humorous, half-regretful comment: "Too good to be true."

Robert C. Brooks.

III.

Mr. Johnson's "Rise of English Culture."*

A good many years ago, being interested in psychical research and various forms of occultism, we spent some days in a camp of spiritualists, where thousands of believers were dwelling in tents, and where mediums, clairvoyants, and psychometrists were as thick as blackberries. We shall not bore our readers with what befell us there, but shall simply mention that on leaving we carried away with us an interesting book which explained the origin of Christianity from a spiritualistic point of view. The general thesis laid down was that the Christian religion was an invention of the pagan priests at Rome, who, finding their influence waning, fabricated a new faith which should appeal to the imagination of the people. These ingenious priests composed the books of the New Testament, put together a system of theology, and thus instituted a new hierarchy in which the old order was promptly merged. The volume which we purchased contained full proof of all these matters in statements made through an able medium by the spirits of numerous reputable ancients, among them being Plato, Julius Cæsar, Agrippa, Tacitus, and Pliny the Younger, besides a few carefully assorted but unidentified ghosts from Egypt, Greece, and Italy, who were on hand when the "pagan priests" were carrying out their plot.

These affidavits, so to speak, made very interesting reading, for every one enjoys a good thorough *exposé;* and we have the highest respect for Plato, Julius Cæsar and the other gentlemen who took a hand in it by acting as "controls." We felt a little dubious, however, over the question of identification. Even with our imperfect knowledge, we could discover some things here which seemed difficult to reconcile with what we knew of the alleged authors of these communications. Had we read, for instance, the statement of Josephus without his signature, we should have inferred from internal evidence that he was a Vermont Yankee; while the Greek and Latin forms of certain quoted words bore a strong family resemblance to those with which we had became familiar in the entrance papers of sub-freshmen. That is the one great trouble with these spirit communications. You can never be quite sure that the medium is really *en rapport* (or *eng rappô,* as most of them pronounce it) with the spirit that you are after, or whether he is not being fooled by some mean, low-down diakka—a "diakka" being, as many are aware, one of those cheeky spirits who, out of pure cussedness, go around personating the great and good, and thereby discrediting the honest simple-minded medium.

All this may seem decidedly irrelevant

*The Rise of English Culture. By Edwin Johnson. London: Williams and Norgate. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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to Mr. Edwin Johnson's book on *The Rise of English Culture,* but it isn't. It is very pertinent. The title and appearance of that work deceived us absolutely. It is a regular diakka of a book. Handsomely printed and bound, and issued by a firm of eminent publishers, it seemed to be a scholarly study of a very interesting subject and one of great æsthetic value. Its author (lately deceased) was Professor of Classical Languages in New College, St. John's Wood, London; and the editor of this posthumous treatise describes him in the introduction as a man of unusual gifts. But, as a matter of fact, he was a person with a bee in his bonnet, a bee that buzzed so loudly as to make him absolutely irresponsible in spite of his extensive reading and various attainments. This besetting and bewildering bee was a belief which amounted to an obsession and which made of him that most pathetic of all intellectual figures—a credulous iconoclast. The extent of his iconoclasm fairly takes one's breath away and makes the spiritualistic document already cited seem a pale and colourless effusion. Briefly summarised, Mr. Johnson's thesis is that pretty nearly everything that we think we know about the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages is pure myth; that Christianity is only about ten centuries old; that there were no Dark Ages, no break in the traditions of ancient culture, and hence no Italian Renaissance; that the New Testament was written in the sixteenth century; that the Church Fathers never existed; that St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Benedict, and the rest are imaginary personages; that the Hebrew language is a wholly modern tongue; and that all ecclesiastical literature, history, controversy, records of Church councils, and other like documents, are forgeries. This would seem to be a fairly robust proposition for any one man to prove, but it is only preliminary and incidental to Mr. Johnson's main contention, which has to do with secular history. According to him, we have no genuine modern history before the time of Henry VIII., of England. The Venerable Bede was a myth; so was Geoffrey of Monmouth. All the Anglo-Saxon chronicles are sixteenth century forgeries, to which category even the Domesday Book belongs. Roger Bacon never lived. Absolutely nothing is known of the period which antedates the Tudor Kings. All the records, all the histories, all the traditions, are pure guess-work, eked out by obvious fable, vivid imagination and unscrupulous invention. Mr. Johnson deftly resolves the realm of early knowledge into Chaos and old Night.

So much for his iconoclasm. Let us now look at his credulity. For if all these accepted documents and all these supposed historical characters are spurious, where did they come from? Why, says Mr. Johnson, they were cleverly invented by the monastic scholars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries! This noble band of counterfeiters and fabulists formed "a knot of systematic artists" who were "masters of the literary situation." They must also have been very busy. They wrote the New Testament, and the whole body of patristic literature both Greek and Roman. They invented the Hebrew language. They manufactured both ecclesiastical and secular history. They created a vast system of pseudo-governmental records. They called into an unreal existence a swarm of personages whom we all have been fondly thinking of as having actually lived and breathed on earth. And in doing this, the "knot of systematic artists" fooled practically everybody down to the time when Mr. Edwin Johnson of St. John's Wood began reading in the British Museum with a view to tearing off the mask from these mendacious sixteenth century monks.

We should like to give some illustrations of Mr. Johnson's methods and of the manner in which he reaches his deductions; but space forbids and, after all, it is hardly necessary. His book is really valuable as a psychological curiosity,—an illustration of how a presumably sane and undoubtedly intelligent man may be led into the wildest and most frantic of delusions. Yet we wonder that even he did not perceive that, as compared with a belief in the doctrines of Christianity which he rejects, his faith in the powers of the sixteenth century monks discloses a credulity so vast, so utterly illimitable, as to make the mental attitude of a Voudoo worshipper seem, by comparsion, austerely critical.

Harry Thurston Peck.

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IV.

Albert Vandam's "Men and Manners of the Third Republic."*

Every book that the late Albert Vandam wrote after *An Englishman in Paris* helped to convince the reader that his imagination was of considerably more value than his experience. It is not that he failed to write entertainingly of the men and of the events of which he actually had personal knowledge, but in his later books you feel his very reasonable conviction that whatever he might put down, however authentic, would probably be regarded with suspicion, and as a result he has exercised a restraint which at times causes his pages to lag in interest. Then, too, the chapters of *An Englishman in Paris* were frankly anecdotal. There he expressed likes and dislikes, but they were naturally purely artificial likes and dislikes. In this respect the former book differs very much from the present volume, through which there runs one genuine note, that of hostility to the men and the methods of the Third French Republic. This hostility he avows frankly, yet grudgingly. The aim of the paper on "Republican and Imperial Methods," he says, "is to dissuade Englishmen in general, but their statesmen in particular, from taking the Third Republic seriously." The present government of France, thought Mr. Vandam, is in every respect inferior to the government of Louis Napoleon, who, as a statesman and a diplomatist, stood head and shoulders higher than any man of the Republic with the possible exception of Thiers.

A very interesting chapter of Mr. Vandam's book deals with "The Spy Mania and the Revanche Idea," which, it is claimed, dates from the first performance of Sardou's *Dora*. That night the audience, with few exceptions, felt convinced that the author had placed his finger on the plague-spot that threatened to destroy once more the quickly reorganising military strength of France. The spectators were not in the least blinded by the transparent device of making the action hinge on the theft of dispatches of supreme interest to Austria rather than to Germany. They accepted *Dora* as a warning against the native and foreign spies among them, spies of both sexes, but especially female spies. Sardou appealed to ready listeners, for espionage on a wide scale had flourished in France since the days of Richelieu. The original title of the play was *Les Espionnes*, and the change to *Dora* was undoubtedly made at the suggestion of the government. For months the public crowded the Vaudeville, recognising under the thin disguises well-known figures of Parisian society. It was an open secret that the drawing room of Princess Bariatine was meant for that of Princess Lise Troubezkoi, who a few years previously had invariably been present at the sittings of the National Assembly at Versailles whenever Thiers spoke. À propos of the Spy Mania and the indiscretions of the French military service, Mr. Vandam relates the following anecdote of General Boulanger of unattractive memory.

"In February, 1889, Boulanger was at the height of his popularity, and Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the well-known 'thought-reader,' being in Paris at that moment, conceived the idea of trying his powers on 'le brav' général.' Mr. Cumberland does not speak French, and I acted as his interpreter; I had done the same on several previous occasions. The gathering was a private one, at the house of the Comte de Dillon, at Neuilly. After various absolutely successful experiments Mr. Cumberland proposed to read the general's thoughts in connection with a possible next war with Germany. To be perfectly correct, he offered to guide the general's hand, holding a pencil, along the line of invasion decided upon by the French generalissimo. The offer was accepted; they both sat down at a table with a large map spread out before them, Mr. Cumberland blindfolded, and with Boulanger's fingers clasping the said pencil between his own. The pencil travelled very slowly from Paris to the frontier, but in a few minutes, after crossing the French borders, it went quicker, until it finally stopped. 'This is the point you would make for?' said Mr. Cumberland. 'That's right,' answered Boulanger, 'I would make for Stuttgart.'

"Now, I am not libelling the dead in saying that Boulanger was incapable of elaborating a plan of campaign, and, least of all, a plan of campaign evincing some strategical

*Men and Manners of the Third Republic. By Albert D. Vandam. New York: James Pott and Company.

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originality. I there and then came to the conclusion that he was strutting in other people's feathers, and that he had given away, from sheer vanity, a design that might have succeeded in virtue of that originality. He had, no doubt, had access to many different programmes when Minister of War, and it struck him that the fathering of this one was calculated to establish his reputation as a Moltke among his familiars. I was wondering what the real Moltke, or one of his principal collaborators, would have said to a similar proposition from Mr. Cumberland. It was a private gathering; and, as such, it would have been an insult to every one present to harbour the suspicion of a spy being among them. Boulanger and his host must have been well aware, though, that Mr. Cumberland was a public entertainer, not a *dilettante,* and that he was not likely to hide his light under a bushel in view of the enormous advertisement the publication of the soirée's particulars would give him.

In his chapter on the "King of the Journalists," Mr. Vandam goes back to the years of Louis-Philippe, of which he had so much to say in *An Englishman in Paris.* He gives an amusing description of the posings of some of the eminent literary men of the time. Alfred d'Vigny, he tells us, "reposed" on his sofa at home in a cloak *à la* Oswald copied from the celebrated paintings by Gérard. Béranger tried as much as possible to look like an old concierge so as to impress the people. He wore a rose in his buttonhole in order to call attention to the fact that he had not been decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour. Victor Hugo walked about with bent head, obviously too small for all the sublime thoughts it contained, and, therefore, too heavy to be carried erect, so that the people might exclaim, "What a thinker!"

Here is a story which contrasts Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, the elder:

"One day, while Hugo was living at Guernsey, Alexandre Dumas paid him a visit. Hugo was holding forth on the terrors of exile, etc., when Dumas stopped him short. 'Don't talk nonsense; the butter is infinitely superior here to that in Paris."

Mr. Vandam had an outspoken contempt for poets as legislators and professed himself as very sceptical of the first Napoleon, saying that if Corneille and Racine had lived in his time he would have made them his ministers. In support of his disbelief, he cites the Emperor's opinion of the reception speech of Chateaubriand when the author of *Rénée* was elected to the French cabinet. Napoleon read the speech in proof and was deeply annoyed at the terms in which Chateaubriand referred to the principal events of the Revolution. "What," exclaimed the Emperor; "I am killing myself body and soul to make France forget the divisions of the past; I have cured her of her revolutionary fever by intoxicating her with military glory; all my efforts are tending to make old and modern France live in peace under my sceptre; I have gathered around me men who have hitherto detested each other; and, having done all of this, shall I allow a vainglorious man of letters to compromise the happy results of my policy for the sake of his rounding off his periods? It appears that M. de Chateaubriand is displeased with France such as I have reorganised it for him. Very well, let him go and live elsewhere." While on this subject, Mr. Vandam relates the following anecdote of Eugene Sue and Victor Hugo. Sue was elected to the Chamber of Deputies in 1848, from one of the metropolitan constituencies.

"He naturally took his seat among the 'lefts,' and on the first day of his new functions he placed himself by the side of Victor Hugo. How prone the latter was at all times to speak, and how little prone to listen, may be gathered from the following incident. While he was chatting with Sue the Chamber was discussing a bill of some kind; and in a little while the poet, to the great surprise of the novelist, held up his hand, then rose and voted. 'Did you hear what the last speaker said?' asked Sue. 'I did not hear a single word,' was the answer; 'but it's easy enough to vote in my case. I am guided by this little gentleman in spectacles facing you. He virtually tells me which way to vote. As we are invariably of a different opinion, I remain seated if he gets up, and when he remains seated I get up on trust. He listens for both of us.'"

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

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SOME RECENT CLASSICAL BOOKS*

A history of classical scholarship to the end of the Middle Ages is, in a narrow sense, a history of education in classical and mediæval times. In a broader sense, it is a history of Western civilisation. For, in the period mentioned, all the arts and sciences which make life richer, happier, and more full of meaning are found closely linked in their development with the growth and spread of literature and learning. Their history cannot be traced without continual reference to the lives and labours of poets, historians, philosophers, and critics. Out of the study of Homer alone there sprang almost every sort of intellectual pursuit, not merely theology, rhetoric, grammar, and criticism, but also historical research, logic, psychology, geographical study, and the germ of the natural sciences. And so a survey of this whole fruitful field should be of interest not merely to the philologist and the humanist, but to every cultivated man of science whose training has been sufficiently liberal to teach him the value of a genetic treatment of his chosen subject.

Until now, there has been no attempt made to write in English an intelligible and comprehensive account of the gradual growth of the studies which have given to our modern world all the illumination and culture which it possesses. Even in German, one must read half a dozen bulky works in order to obtain the essential facts. Gräfenhan's four-volume history of classical philology has been indispensable, and so have Lersch's ill-arranged and frequently exasperating *Sprachphilosophie der Alten* and Steinthal's *Geschichte der Sprachwissenschaft* for the classical part, with the works of Krumbacher, Heeren, and Haase, for the Byzantine and mediæval periods. With these books and a dozen or twenty selected monographs, a fair knowledge can be had of what the world owes to classical antiquity on the side of scholarship and education. But only specialists are likely to undertake the formidable task involved in so much difficult reading. For a long while, therefore, many have looked for a single volume which should give a simple, lucid, and illuminating conspectus of the whole magnificent evolution of ancient culture, supplemented by a second volume giving an account of the further development of classical study from the time of the Italian Renaissance to the beginning of the twentieth century.

When the publication of this book by Dr. Sandys was first announced, it raised high hopes in all who had for so long experienced the need of such a manual. Dr. Sandys, who is the Public Orator in the University of Cambridge and a lecturer in St. John's College, was known to be most admirably fitted to discharge this task. His scholarship is broad and accurate and varied. His taste is exceptionally good; and his interest in his subject has long been known to classicists. We must say, however, very frankly that we are disappointed in the book which he has written; and the reason for this disappointment is not to be found in occasional inaccuracies, or in the small details of its execution. Its defects are far more radical and irretrievable; for they are defects of scope and treatment. In his preface, Dr. Sandys declares that his aim has been "to produce a readable book which might also serve as a work of reference." Unfortunately, it is neither readable nor likely to be very useful as a work of reference. The fact is that its author has been smothered by the immensity of the material at hand and has not boldly hewn his way straight through the forest in a direct and definite line. Instead, he has wandered off into so many side-tracks as to produce both in his reader and quite obviously in him-

*A History of Classical Scholarship from the Sixth Century, B. C., to the End of the Middle Ages. By John Edwin Sandys. Cambridge: The University Press. New York: The Macmillan Co.

A History of Roman Literature. By Harold North Fowler. New York: D. Appleton and Co.

Classical Latin Literature. By William Cranston Lawton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Horace: His Life, Friendships, and Philosophy as Told by Himself. By Clarence Cary. New York: Privately printed.

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self a sense of dazed confusion. The book is too diffuse for the general reader. It is not complete enough to be of value to the specialist.

Not to deal in generalities. we may point out, in the first place, a lack of unity, which scatters over different parts of the book, information which should have been brought together under a single head. Thus, if one wishes to get a clear conception of the issue between the so-called Analogists and Anomalists in ancient language-study, one has to refer to seven different sections, separated from one another by many pages, and not affording even then a concise and definite understanding of the controversy. Had Dr. Sandys been well advised he could have given the gist of all his information in one place and in two pages at the most. As it is, he has wasted space and still left the reader quite unsatisfied. This is a typical instance of his lack of method. In this same way, he has thought it necessary to say something about all of the grammarians whose remains have been edited by Keil, though it was necessary to speak of only three or four of them and then omit the rest as having no individual significance. This fault runs throughout the book—the sacrifice of space and clearness for the sake of mere minutiæ which even the scholar has no use for. Had he passed over such insignificant individuals as Arruntius Celsus and Fenestella and Cæcilius of Calacte, and Pamphila and a score more of *homunculi,* he could have given us a really satisfactory account of the great Alexandrian School, and of the ancient universities, and he would not have been obliged to leave out all mention whatsoever of the highly interesting speculations by Lucretius on the origin and nature of language. In a word, Dr. Sandys has produced a volume of nearly seven hundred pages which is simply a mass of miscellaneous information injudiciously selected and inharmoniously arranged. The labour and the amount of reading required for the writing of this book must have been immense. We can only regret that in great part it has been wasted and that we must still go to the Germans for what we need unless Professor Alfred Gudeman, whom Dr. Sandys very justly compliments in his preface, shall in the near future prepare the sort of book which he has long been contemplating and which would surely prove to be just what all English and American classical students really want.

The two histories of Latin literature before us are intended first of all for the use of students in schools and colleges. Our attention is attracted to a statement in Professor Fowler's preface which runs as follows:

> "Extracts from Latin authors are given, with few exceptions, in English translation. I considered the advisability of giving them in Latin, but concluded that extracts in Latin would probably not be read by most young readers, and would, therefore, do less good than even imperfect translations. Moreover, the texts of the most important works are sure to be at hand in the schools."

Now there are principles involved in these assertions which lie at the very root of this whole question of teaching the history of Latin literature. If students cannot or will not read selections from the greatest Latin authors, quoted in Latin, then what is the use of teaching them to learn unintelligently anybody's opinion about the style and content of these authors? And we wholly disagree with Professor Fowler's opinion that quotations in Latin, even if unread, "do less good than imperfect translations." If authors are quoted in the original language, students may not read these selections, but they will in that case, at least, take them on faith; whereas an imperfect English translation will generally give the lie to the accompanying comment. A schoolboy will at once say, "If this is the sort of stuff that Horace wrote I'll be hanged if it's worth my time to read it!" And if Horace really wrote no better than his translator, then the schoolboy would be entirely right. Why state with magisterial air that a poet is graceful, witty, melodious, and full of charm, and then at once proceed to show that he isn't, by printing some uninspired English lines which no more resemble the original than a bull calf resembles a forest fawn? Not that we have any criticism to make of Professor Fowler's own translations. We simply mean that no translation of a great classic will ever bear out the praise which is justly given to the original. For our part we should

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rather quote the Latin and compel the student to learn it all by heart, even though he were then obliged to neglect a good deal of the comment upon it. It is a liberal education and an especially good training in literary study to have at one's tongue's end a few score of those marvellous lines and immortal phrases which gleam forever in the literature of all time. Mr. Mackail chose the better part in his beautiful little book which was professedly written only for university extension students. He quotes his authors in their own language and assumes a knowledge of them on the part of those who read him. Then he comments on these quoted passages with so much felicity and fascination of manner as to inspire all intelligent persons with a longing to learn the language in which such wonderful things are written. For the rest, Professor Fowler's book is accurate, well-balanced, and judicious in its dicta, though it is obviously not the work of one upon whom Latin literature, as literature, exercises a compelling charm.

Professor Lawton in his *Classical Latin Literature* also quotes the authors in translation. His narrative, however, his criticism and his bits of significant allusion are all admirable and possess a certain vividness which imbues his subject with a genuine interest even when studied by the immature. He has, too, that rare quality to which we have just referred, the quality of inspiring the reader with a wish to go on and to learn still more; and this wish is anticipated in the brief but well-selected bibliographies which are appended to the several chapters. Both the student and the teacher may find something quickening and suggestive on every page, and to the former the illustrations, though not particularly well executed, will enhance the book's attractiveness.

We all know that there are some volumes which no gentleman's library should be without; but Horace is perhaps the only author whose *opera* in themselves can constitute such a library. The mere possession of an Elzevir Horace is *prima facie* evidence that the possessor is a man of taste and liberal culture. Horace is and always will be the world's most modern poet, containing in himself that beautiful *urbanitas* which in all ages and countries is the mark of the accomplished man of the world,—human and humane and humorous, tolerant and tactful, erudite and elegant. Even the austere Milton and the grave Gladstone find in Horace common ground on which to stand in company with literary exquisites like Pope, and lawless souls like Byron, and irreverent jesters like Eugene Field. Horace, in short, is the one writer of antiquity from whom his quondam readers never wholly part, for to read is necessarily to remember. The most heedless undergraduate who stumbles through the Odes and Satires discovers that, almost in spite of himself, innumerable phrases and thoughts and pictures have found a permanent lodgment in his barbarous mind; and after he has forgotten all his Greek, even to the capital letters of the alphabet, and after mathematics and chemistry and physics and logic have become one remote and misty blur, he still chuckles genially at the thought of Horace struggling hard to "shake" the famous bore upon the Via Sacra, or in supreme contentment drinking old Massic and Falernian in the lush grass along an overshadowed brook, with a slave beside him to keep off the flies, renew the roses, and refill the cup. Many a genial soul has grieved to think that Horace lived before tobacco was accessible to Europe; for the curling smoke of a cigarette is the only thing that is wanting to complete these pictures of ineffable serenity.

Mr. Clarence Cary has felt the spell of Horace strong upon him and has found time amid professional cares to write a book in which Horace is made to tell consecutively the "story of his life." In other words, Mr. Cary has put together in quasi-chronological order the Horatian poems so far as they bear directly upon the personality of Horace. The Latin text is printed on one side of the page, and a translation made by Mr. Cary upon the other side. There are also added sundry notes and comments upon things Horatian, with a postscript which has to do with the study of Horace and especially with methods of translation. Mr. Cary makes no pretension to authority as a Latinist, and, indeed, the scholar will find in his book interesting evidence of how little mere reading will avail apart from formal discipline and training in values. Mr. Cary has browsed

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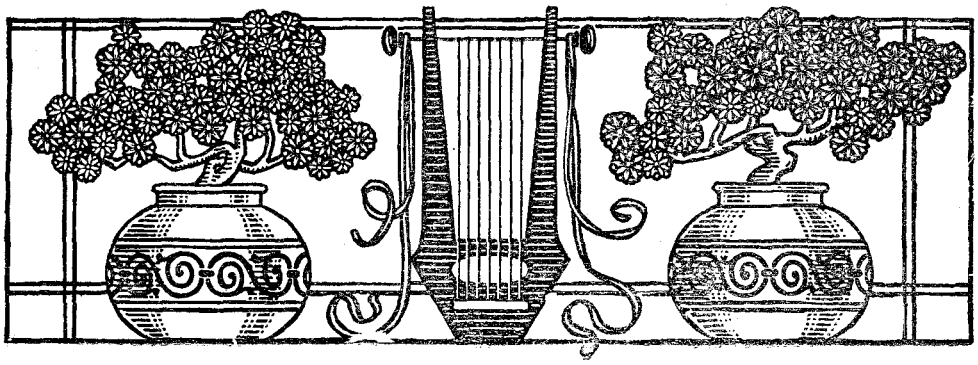
omnivorously in several languages, and he quotes his commentators from Madame Dacier down to Professor Tyrrell, whose name, by the way, with consistent inaccuracy he always writes "Tyrell." To him Trojan and Tyrian are absolutely alike, and Friedländer, Conington, Matthew Arnold, Dunster, and old Christopher Smart, who wrote the time-honoured "pony," are *alle Wurst* to Mr. Cary. Still, it is a pleasant thing to turn over these pages and once more look at Horace from still another point of view. Mr. Cary might, however, have been a little less emphatic in his condemnation of those who before him have translated Horace. Mr. Cary despises rhymed translation. He speaks of "the unwholesome and belittling excrescence of rhyme." It is to him a "literary fetish" suited only to "barnacle-like creators of extraneous ornaments." Mr. Cary's own translations are made in a sort of irregular rhythm, unrhymed, and aiming at an almost literal and line-for-line rendering of the original. The attempt is interesting but, of course, unsatisfactory. It is a fatal mistake ever to suppose that a true translation means a translation which is crudely literal. The task of a translator is to produce upon the English reader as nearly as possible the effect which Horace must have produced upon a Roman reader. This is the entire problem, and it is open to anyone to solve it in his own way if the result attain a reasonable measure of success. But such a result can never be achieved by forcing the one language into an unnatural adherence to the distinctive peculiarities of the other. The effect is bound to be incongruous, uncouth, and sometimes ludicrous. Such is, unfortunately, the case with many of Mr. Cary's renderings, which are not even smooth. He translates the hexameters, for the most part, into a sort of dactylic pentameter with an anacrusis, which is very monotonous. They might just as well have been converted into purely heroic verse, thereby admitting the spondee as an agreeably isochronous foot. In the last page of the book, Mr. Cary gives a couple of rhymed translations just to show that he could write a conventional style of verse if he did but choose. His rendering of the *Odi Persicos, puer, apparatus,* begins:

"Look you! my Boy, I hate the Persian doings."

"Persian doings" is good. Why not "Persian fixin's" and be done with it? Mr. Cary describes his verse translation in general as metaphrastic. We are inclined to think that it might more accurately be called ischiorrhogic.

Harry Thurston Peck.



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AMANDA OF THE MILL

CHAPTER I.

Something in the atmosphere of the place told the man he was close to his kind. As he came out from the denser forest into a little clearing, he paused in his painful gait. To all appearances, he had taken many long journeys, but they were well-nigh done! He belonged evidently to the class who ask—who create responsibilities for others—who pain us by suggesting duties we shrink from fulfilling. He belonged to the Miserable Ones, the Outcasts. He was an inhabitant of that city whose population is as great as the world—the City of Failure. His shoes had trodden the snows and slushes and dust of many months. The soles were tied on his feet with strings, his bare skin showed at the sides. He wore no stockings. The rest of his attire consisted of a pair of trousers in rags, a thin flannel shirt, and a faded sack-coat.

"Jove!" he said aloud, "hot as ever!"

He opened his eyes, looked curiously at his hands, spreading them out before him. They were slender, well-shaped, with oval nails and almost transparent.

"I believe, upon my soul!" he said with a smile, "that I shan't see the game out." The smile stayed about his mouth, curious, sceptical. "I scarcely remember how I got here into the forest . . . the instinct that makes the animal crawl away to die. It can't go on, you know," he said, addressing his feet. "Existence on a piece of bread is precarious. What heat!—what frightful, glaring heat!"

Here a sound caught his attention. As he listened a faint colour came into his face. . . . It was certainly a human voice.

He again spoke aloud.

"I've about as much right to want to see a human being as a wild beast has, and I guess to the majority I'd be nearly as welcome."

He fumbled in his pocket, and found an empty flask. He scowled at it.

"I couldn't pay to have it filled if there was a hogshead at hand. . . . So my first word of gratitude to any of my kind that I may chance to meet will be 'Whisky! for God's sake (or the devil's); and I can't pay for it, either!' And if I hold back the fire that's burning me, until I can steal some, well—my hosts wont think they're entertaining an angel unawares!"

He had come out now on to the birch-bordered banks of a little pond, and he limped over to its edge.

His bleared vision travelled indifferently to the stirring reeds on the other side. A temptation, not new, but one which he had often deeply harboured, came to him. The empty bottle taunted—hunger gnawed him—a thirst like a snapping creature bit at his throat. It seemed as though a hot cloth were wound round his gullet. He knew that he could free this sensation by drink.

"It is too much!" he murmured. "Why, if I do find a house, what then? And if I don't, it will all be up with me tomorrow. This can't last another night." He walked unsteadily toward the water. "It's deep enough. . . . I think I'll hand in my checks without even knowing what the day of the week is, or what State of the Union I'm in."

He had scarcely reached the margin when a bright thing caught his wandering eye—*a piece of pink ribbon* lying in the grass.

This miniature evidence of animation caused the tramp actually to smile as he picked up the ribbon. He smelt it, ran it through his fingers—and the sensation startled him back to life.

"It belongs to a woman, of course. I am near humanity again. . . . If I drown myself, they will find me here and shudder at me. . . . *She* shan't! I'll carry her ribbon to her, whoever she is, and take my leap at the next pool!"

With this thought in his befogged brain, he dragged himself painfully up the bank, the ribbon in his hands. Before he could decide whither to direct his shaking steps, he heard the sound of voices near him. The tones struck him like pain. He bit his lips, and stretched out his trembling hands, his fingers clenched over the ribbon; instinctively he thrust it into his pocket. The voices came nearer, and through the trees Henry

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Euston saw the figures of two women approaching. The first girl gave a cry, and stepped back. His gestures were beyond his control—he waved his hands in a kind of salute.

"Don't be frightened, please," he managed to say; "I don't mean any harm. I am . . ."

Then he sank on his knees, staring at them. In this ridiculous posture, although horribly ashamed of it, he was forced to remain. He heard one of the girls say:

"He's sick—he's terrible sick," and the other one: "Oh, I'm *so* scared of him!"

The woman who first spoke came forward toward Euston; he looked but once at her: the other had large blue eyes and a pretty face framed in yellow hair. To his blurred vision she was angelic.

"It's *her* pink ribbon," he murmured foolishly, "I'm glad I didn't drown myself."

They were lifting him on either side; their arms were strong.

"Kin you-all git up and come with us? It ain't fer."

Summoning his forces, he gathered himself to his feet, and, leaning on the sisters heavily, he tottered and stumbled and staggered out of the forest.

CHAPTER II.

The next thing of which he was conscious was the odour of frying bacon. After a long fast it was *drink* he wanted, not food, and the smell of nourishment irritated him. How was he to get whisky, and where? Where, indeed, was he? And who would fetch him, for pity's sake or charity's sake, a drink?

He put his hand to his throat, and felt the collar of an unfamiliar garment. He was robed in a woman's night-dress—coarse, but clean.

Through him ran a rush of gratitude to these unknown benefactresses, then the thirst possessed him again, and he sat up and called. Instantly the door was pushed open, as if it had been guarded, and to the incomer, who said in a soft drawl, "Howdy! what does you-all waant?" he couldn't for his soul say *"Whisky."*

Before him a girl, not much more than a child, regarded him with curious eyes grey as winter seas. The invalid moved his lips.

"Oh! *A drink!"*

The white trash girl smiled, as though she had accomplished a wonderful feat in discovering his want, nodded, and was gone. She appeared, carrying a tin cup between her palms, and, coming to the bedside, encircled his shoulder with her arm, and lifted the mug to his lips. His teeth chattered at the edge.

"Drink it all!" commanded the grey-eyed girl.

It was water! He drained it; cold, clear, hard it met his throat.

"More," he begged.

The girl said doubtfully: 'Gran'maw sayde you-all kin onl' hev one dipperful mo'."

He drank a fresh supply, and now remarked the little girl with fresh lips, red as berries folded over snow. This was not the angel face he had seen and remembered and been haunted with in feverish dreams. This younger face was oval, thin; from it the hair went back in lustre neither yellow nor auburn, but copperlike—brown with the warmth of late autumn leaves.

"What is your name?"

"'Manda."

"You've saved my life," he smiled at her; and she acknowledged:

"I reckon we did."

"I hope you won't ever be sorry for it."

"I don't reckon so." And she moved, as if embarrassed, toward the door.

"Didn't I see two of you when you brought me here?"

"Yes, suh; Lily Bud's downstairs helpin' gran'maw."

"Lily Bud!" repeated the tramp. "That's a nice name."

He, too, wanted to be downstairs, and for the first time was glad he had drunk only a harmless dipperful of cold water. But if the girl with the blue eyes would bring some food to him, he thought he could have eaten it.

For several days, save the grey-eyed child, no one came near him. He grew not to care at length who his benefactresses were, and silently ate and drank from the hands of the young girl, scarcely exchanging a syllable with her.

One afternoon, the three women in the kitchen heard a stirring above them. The

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door opened and shut, followed by steps on the ladder stairs, and a tall man, gaunt as death, pale as a waxen candle, climbed down into the room. As he took his first step into their midst, the women arose from the table, the youngest went forward, straightened her back, and offered her shoulder. He leaned on it, and, thus supported, approached his hostesses, an old woman and a girl about twenty years of age. He was conscious only of the bright blue eyes he had remembered these half-conscious days.

"I have given you a great deal of trouble," he said in an agreeable, well-modulated voice, "and you've been very kind to me."

The old woman showed her toothless gums as she smiled.

"You-all don't waant to do much walking 'bout, Ih don't reckon! Set a chair, 'Manda honey. . . . Hev a little sassafras tea?"

They were drinking it out of tin cups, and he took what they offered greedily. There was not much reclining to be done on the straight-backed kitchen chair whereon he sat, but he made himself as comfortable as he could.

"Feel better?"

"Yes; I will be able to tramp on to-morrow."

The old woman gave a chuckling, giggling sound, and its mirth, if mirth it was, did not change one whit the lines of her face. Life had provided a mask which she offered to the world. Half a century and another quarter had lent their art to age. Labour had wrought its part with those instruments of grief and sorrow and pain it knows so well how to employ. Her skin was a dark-tanned hide, wrinkled and furrowed, her mouth a toothless cave. Over her forehead straggled a few strands of white hair. Her head, quite bald on the top, gleamed nude and shining; her neck rose in aged nakedness from the collar of her wrapper.

The man timidly glanced to the elder grandchild. All three women wore cotton wrappers of dark, nondescript colours, but the hideous garment only made more ethereal the face Euston found he remembered and rejoiced to see again. Lily Bud's blue eyes, set far apart, languidly lifted as he looked at her. They possessed that appealing quality which causes a man to respond. A mouth too small, but well shaped, lifted its bud over a chin roundly indented with a dimple. On this very feminine creature the man's eyes rested at first timidly, and then, as Lily Bud made eyes at him, said "Howdy," and gave him with great frankness her hand, he looked with freer delight into her pretty face.

Mrs. Henchley said: "Reckon you-all ain't going to tramp on to-morrer; Henchleys don't let strangers go out of thayr homes to die. Feed you up first. Whar you-all trampin' to?"

"Death," he thought. "Hell—shall I tell her that out frankly?" He put his tin cup down on the table.

"I've tramped from New York State. I was in Virginia a while ago. I don't know where I am to-day—South Carolina, I suppose."

"Yes, suh, you is."

"Never been norf of Mason and Dixon's line masef; "don't know much about New York State, though somebody done told me that thayre's as much as forty funerals a day in the biggest town up thar. Hush!"—she turned to the girls—"what's that I hyar?"

Amanda, who had stood apart from the group around the table, went over to the window, looked out, and made a nod of salutation as though to someone in the road.

"It's Dex Falloner an' the Griscoms; 'pears though they was all comin' in hyar."

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, show me a little whar I'll fin' a rose,
To give to ma honey chile!
Oh, show me a little whar ma sweetheart goes;
I'll foller her all the while.
Ma honey give me a kiss on the mouth
(An' how kin I let her go?).
I'll foller her Norf, I'll foller her Souf,
To tell her I love her so!

"Oh, what am the colour of ma sweetheart's eyes?
(I'll sing to ma honey chile.)
I reckon she got 'em out o' the skies—
I'll foller her all the while!
Ma honey's hair is yaller gold—
Oh how kin I let her go?
I love her young, an' I love her old—
I'll foller an' tell her so."

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Dexter Falloner's advent was heralded by these notes, as outside the cabin, a banjo on his shoulder, he warbled his serenade. When the door was opened, four men who had come over from Daco, entered the shanty.

"Howdy, gran'maw."

They shook hands all round, and Mrs. Henchley presented the stranger.

"This hyar gen'leman's a frien' of ours; he's ben remarkable sick—yes, suh, he hez tew!"

The serenader leaned against the door, his hands in his pocket, his hat pushed off his hair. He freed his mouth of tobacco-juice where and when he saw fit. In a flannel shirt, a loose coat with wide pockets, trousers black-and-white striped, tight at the knees and rising short above his ankles, he was a fair type of the white trash backwoodsman of yesterday and to-day. A strong race likeness ran through the three young fellows. All were thin-lipped, high-cheekboned, loosely set up, and barefoot. Two of them—well over six feet—were twins, and so alike as to be objects for continual pleasantries; they were pets of the region, the most popular amongst the "*sports.*"

Lily Bud, at one end of the pine table, leaned her elbows on it, and made her hands a cradle for her face.

Lily Bud knew that whichever way she looked she was pretty and agreeable; she had but to keep her eyes on a man a little longer than the natural glance demands to see him fall her prey.

Cally Griscom, one of the twins, was now at her side, half leaning on the table, with his head as close to hers as he dared put it. She giggled and laughed at his sallies.

Amanda was teasing the other twin, and for the first time the ungrateful invalid took opportunity to study his little nurse. She reclined in the one luxurious chair—a shaker rocker—and from thence delivered a volley of mischievous remarks directed to the young man who grinned at her sheepishly.

Looking from Lily Bud to Amanda, the younger girl suffered by comparison. Her nose was sharp, on the bridge were little brown freckles that threw her transparent flesh in strong contrast. Her brow, low and very white, gleamed under the golden-brown bands of her hair. It was her audacious mouth that claimed chief attention. The bow of the upper lip rose clearly defined above the sinking in at the corners. Under the lower lip, where the milk-white chin lay, was a shadowy indenture, a nest of sweetness. Those lips, smooth as red ivory, moulded for kisses, formed to take and give, now in their innocence were whimsical in expression as Amanda looked up at Griscom. The difference between the sisters was this: Lily Bud sweetly fulfilled all the indications of prettiness she made, henceforth she would decline; whilst Amanda gave alluring promise. She said now in her soft drawl to one of the twins:

"If Ih couldn't get a spo't all to maself I'd be sorry."

"To you'self?" repeated Griscom.

"Yes, *suh;* Ih ain't goin' to take no man to spo't *me* what's got a double just like him runnin' round Daco."

This witticism was greeted by a loud guffaw. It was the custom to look at Lily Bud and to listen to Amanda.

Here Falloner had stolen unseen behind her. He put his arms around her waist and bent as if to kiss her. She cried out, struck him, and as he recoiled from her frank blow, she ran across the kitchen floor and took refuge behind Euston's chair.

Falloner took a step forward. The Griscoms watched him cat-like to catch him when he dodged, but he made an unexpected spring forward, leapt into the air, and cleared the table at a bound. It brought him to Amanda's side. She gave a scream of surprised admiration, but before he could put his hands on her both of his arms were pinned from behind by the Griscoms.

"Ugh!" he expostulated, and threw himself violently back on them.

"Drop him thyar, you-all!" cried Amanda. "Two to one ain't squar'."

She gave a little laugh—peculiarly sweet promise of merriment one longed to hear completed—ended by caprice.

"You-all's no more'n *one*, anyhaow! Ih reg'larly cayn't tell *which* on yuh is *whar!*"

Both her hands on the back of Euston's chair trembled. Dex Falloner gave a wicked trip with his right foot, and sent Ned Griscom sprawling. It then was easy work to clear his right arm free of the other, both of whom he flung headlong to one side. Falloner was now close

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to Amanda. She had seen these skirmishes many times before, and now that all who had struggled for her favours were overcome, according to backwoods' etiquette, Falloner was quite welcome to anything he could get from her! He saw her eyes grow luminous as a cat's, even the grey part of them glowered lurid. She expected, poor child, to fight and scratch in defence of her unmolested treasures—her lips were virgin—but to her surprise the young man took nothing.

"Ih ain't going to kiss no gyrl that-a-way," he said scornfully. "Look what Ih fetched you-all."

From his deep pocket he drew out a pair of quail. They dangled, the poor soft things, in his hand, their weak little heads swinging to and fro. Amanda looked at them and then at him. The old woman, who had allowed their intercourse of courtesy without rebuke, now came forward.

"Gimme them byrds hyar, Dex Falloner. Ih suttinly am goin' to pick 'em for this hyar sick man. You-all hadn't ought to be in the riot."

She nodded at Euston.

He wanted to disclaim that he was an invalid, but no words came; he was dizzy and weak. Cally Griscom, close by him, was redolent with whisky, and within the invalid rose a man demanding drink. The possessing creature was so powerful that the delicate frame of Euston almost dissolved with effort to keep the fiend invisible. He was in a cold sweat with his dread lest the madman should leap out and proclaim himself.

Dex Falloner bent down to him.

"Pretty weak, suh; you suttinly ain't peart."

He put his arm round Euston, and without leave half lifted him from his chair and fairly carried him upstairs.

CHAPTER IV.

On in the night he woke to find himself numb, his limbs cold, his outstretched hands damp at the palms. His breath came from him gaspingly, and horror swept over him that Fate had actually met him in this desolate place at the dead of night.

"If I could only have one drink! If there is anything within these four walls I shall find it!"

He managed to get on his feet, slipped into his trousers, and then, barefooted, stole out of his room. Once in the kitchen, he shivered, for through the paneless hole in the cabin side the night air, keen and fresh, poured in.

The poor marauder trembled so violently that he was forced to cling to the kitchen-table, and there hung panting until his nerves quieted down. He remembered observing the night before something that looked like a bottle on the back of the shelf; nothing rewarded his eagerness but some molasses in a jug. He bethought himself of the room from whence old Grandma Henchley had fetched her sassafras tea. But where was the door? The single exit visible was from the shanty into the forest.

As his marauding proceeded he grew stronger, and crept cleverly and catlike close to the wall, sounding the boards for sign of yielding until the wall creaked loudly under his hand. It gave under his pressure; a door opened and there came to him the pungent odour of stacked pine-logs, mingled with *that other smell, long withheld, long desired!* He made an exclamation, a smothered cry; whether of joy or despair, who can say? Life apparently raises no insurmountable barrier to the ruin of souls.

Euston found himself in a low room about twelve feet square. Stretching forth both hands, he moved forward in the dark, feeling his way along the wood piles until his hand struck an object of another shape. It was a hogshead. He ran his hand down until his trembling fingers found the bung; it was tight as a rock. Stooping, he felt all around the floor in hope of finding something with which to loosen the plug. Blows with a piece of pine would rouse the house; if he struck the bung out, the liquor would inundate him as it ran past his lips. His groping on the floor was better repaid than he had hoped: his hand fell on a quart bottle. He now gave an audible cry, lifted the object; it was a full whisky-bottle!

Clasping his precious find, he groped his way back, his heart sick with excitement. He laid his plans quickly. He would slip out of the house to the woods, there quench his thirst; once from under this roof-tree he would be indifferent to the result. He made considerable noise

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in regaining the kitchen, stopped short, for, standing at the foot of the ladder stairs, short-petticoated, barefoot, was Amanda. She had a candle in her hand. Euston, transfixed at the sight, clutched the whisky-bottle in his arms.

The girl put the candle on the kitchen table and came straight to him.

"What's you-all ahfter?"

Her voice was low and determined.

"After what you see—whisky, and I tell you to go away and leave me. I'm not myself; I am going to drink this if it means hell!"

His voice was dropped to the lowest whisper. In the weeks she had known him she had never heard it rough before.

Amanda's coarse night-gown was short-sleeved. She had put a skirt on over it; her arms were bare.

"You ain't goin' to do nothin' of the kine. Gimme that bottle!"

Euston chuckled. The inhuman sound terrified her. He ran past where she was standing, hugging close his treasure. But Amanda was too quick for him. She darted across the room and threw herself before the door, planting her back firmly against it. Thus she faced him, with both hands on her hips, though now Euston was close to her, his breath on her very face. She never let herself remember him as she saw him then; the sight would have haunted her for life—drooping eyelids, pallid cheeks, uncombed hair. She stared straight into the eyes devoid of intelligence until she forced them to open wide upon her.

"You-all ain't goin' out o' hyar. I'm goin' to watch ef et's all night."

Euston, thus magnetised, opened wide his eyes. He met the full gaze of the young girl; it controlled him.

He drew back a pace from her, moistening his lips.

She said severely:

"I wouldn't hev thought you-all was this kynd! Gran'maw and Lily Bud, they sayde, 'Watch out fo' him!' But I thought suttinly that you wasn't no spy, no suh!"

"I'm not."

"You air so," she contradicted; rejoicing at the opportunity he gave her to gain time. "You-all come from north o' Mason an' Dixon's line. You come for to spy onto us. We ain't feared, though. To-morrow thayre wouldn't be no smell o' whisky this yer twelve miles; 'n' Ih was to tell the boys, why, Ih reckon thayre suttinly wouldn't be no sign o' you-all, to show fer what yo' speak."

Euston drew back against the table. He put the bottle down, scarcely hearing the threats and reproaches. Not removing his look from her, however, he covered the cork with his right hand, and drew it. It came out with a sharp creak. The sound indicated the removal of the last thing between him and the assuaging of his thirst. The fluid was at his very lips when the bottle, snatched from his hands before he could prevent it, was flung with sure aim through the open window. It fell somewhere out in the road, far from immediate use.

Whether he struck her, or threw her, at all events Amanda fell with a cry, and the first thing Euston realised she was lying across the threshold in front of the door through which he would have to pass in order to regain his booty. His deed brought him completely to himself. He exclaimed aloud in disgust:

"My soul, what am I?" and stood trembling, bending over her, a horror-stricken, a respectable being at last.

The young girl half lifted herself and raised her hand to her head.

"They'll be down hyar, gran'maw an' Lily Bud; they'll put you-all aout."

"Can you forgive me? . . . God knows how sorry I am! Where did I hurt you?" He lifted her up on to her feet. "Hush!"

They stood facing each other, immovable, waiting for indication that the others were roused. There was no such warning, and Amanda took her ungrateful guest by the arm.

"You-all go up to bayde," she whispered authoritatively.

His fingers worked, his eyes could scarcely see her; they were filled with tears. But instead of obeying he went over and half fell into the rocking-chair under the window.

It was not the first bottle that had been flung far from him. His own hand had flung them more than once. Amanda, still unafraid of him, although she could not have told why, came slowly to him. He lifted his face, ghastly white in the blended moonlight and candle-light. His hands trembled so that in order to control them he clasped the sides of the rock-

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ing-chair. His expression was tense and beseeching.

"Let me go out and get it," he breathed. "You don't know what I'm suffering. You have no right to take this from me. I can't tell you what lengths I shall be driven to. I—must—have—a drink!"

Each word was a command and a prayer in itself. Amanda stood apparently unmoved.

"You-all ain't fit to drink," she nodded practically. "That liquor would kill you; et's the powerfullest liquor in the South."

Seeing his face so working, she continued:

"If you want to get it, you'll hev to go out over me. I'm nothin' but a gyrl; I can't fight you-all. Yo' kin suttinly git out over me, I reckon."

She knew he would not.

Thus again she regarded him fixedly, with power hard to explain. She gave him a little encouraging nod of tenderness and friendliness, as though she said:

"Come be a man! Don't knock me down! Listen to me: save yourself;" and she saw his face soften perceptibly.

It could not be said to weaken, although it bore indications of emotion almost womanish. Euston put both hands over his quivering features. When he removed them she was still standing quietly in front of him.

"Go upstairs and let me sit here awhile."

His voice was once more the voice she knew. Her heart beat again more calmly; she was so glad. She drew a chair up and sat herself down.

"Ih ain't goin' to leave you; like's not you'd forage some mo'."

"I won't leave this chair!"

Now the old mischievous gleam shone in her eyes; they twinkled.

"Ih suttinly don' trus' ducks with watter!"

As she crossed her arms he saw that she winced.

"Oh! . . . did I hurt you much?"

"Et don't matter."

And he said no more. The deed was beyond apology or pardon. To bruise that kind little thing who had served him so well! In his frenzy thus to reward his little nurse! With all his blighted career behind him he could frankly say he had never felt so degraded as at this instant.

"I will go on up then. I ought not to keep you down here."

"Thet don't matter," she repeated cheerfully. "I'm like as not to prowl 'roun' mase'f. Sometimes I walk out—ef et's a pretty night. Now, to-night, jest 'fore I hyard you-all rampin' 'roun' down hyar, I was lookin' through windy, an' I seen the moon. Seemed like et sayde: ''Manda—'Manda Henchley, I'm out! Whar's your manners, gyrl, to le' me all alone?'" She laughed, subdued and sweetly; her bare feet swung to and fro. After a moment she said: "You-all ain't goin' to 'form th' 'thorities on gran'maw?"

"How can you believe it of me!" he exclaimed. "What's the harm anyway of whisky in your own house?"

She observed him keenly, threw her head back, and laughed again.

"*No harm?* Suttinly there ain't! Why, et's a 'spensary—State law! We'd all go to gaol. You kin put all us thayre. . . ."

And Amanda eyed her visitor, who said:

"I'm no informer, and you know it. But if you'll give me one drink of whisky I'll stand by you all my life."

The girl's eyes grew large. Over her folded arms she bent her head and chest forward, and said in a deep whisper:

"Ih wouldn't get it for you—no, not ef yo' was to gimme a silk dress, and thayre ain't nothin' in the world that I want worse nor thet; an' ef you starts up to git thet bottle, I'll yell fer gran'maw. Yes, suh, Ih will so. Ih ain't never goin' to let yo' drink—nevah, nevah!"

Euston was impressed. The words seemed to possess a superstitious meaning as they came to him across the distance between them. She leaned forward, fixing on him a look clear as the moonlight in which her figure was delicately defined.

No woman had ever spoken like this to him. Scandalous scenes in which drink had formed part of the night's dual carouse were easy to recall, but there was no parallel to this.

The hill-girl was scantily dressed. Her young litheness imparted to her a rather boyish appearance, and her unconsciousness of sex, her perfect confidence in him, a singular charm. As she spoke her head was lifted, and the flesh of her neck,

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white as snow, soft as satin, gleamed through the open collar of her night-dress down to the gently-swelling breast raised by her folded arms.

"Why do you care what I do?"

"I dunno."

She leaned back, relieved of her fear.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen. How old be you-all?"

"Twenty-five."

She was good, this humble, ignorant child; she was kind and she was pure. There was no sentiment in his feeling toward Amanda. The fact that he was alone with her in the night, that she was in his power, did not cross his mind. He was too devoured by his other passion, too reduced in vitality by his struggle. He sank back in the shaker chair; his hands relaxed their clutch of the arms; he closed his eyes.

Not daring to get bed-covering from upstairs she slipped between the sleeping man and the open window, and thus standing, she made a screen for him till dawn, and then in the early morning she woke him, shaking him to consciousness.

Horror of the night had fled with the shadows, but instead fingers of weariness, disgust, and shame lifted Euston's eyelids. With compunction he saw Amanda standing before him, wan with her vigil.

"Come," she said, "let's go to bayde."

He rose without speaking, and when they had reached the ladder's foot he took her hand, lifting up her arm that he might see where he had hurt her. Brutal and distinct showed out a long bruise against the flesh. He muttered a curse upon himself.

"Et's reg'larly nothing at all," she whispered eagerly. "You-all didn't go fer to do et."

Her teeth chattered as she spoke, and he saw her shiver with cold. Euston said fiercely:

"Go upstairs. Get rested, and cover up warm. I'm a brute. God knows how sorry I am!"

From wrist to elbow he gently passed his hand all along the blue bruise, as though to ask its pardon.

At the touch a current instantly rose, as in harmony with a magnetic tide; a wave of red starting from the girl's heart suffused her body. Her companion neither saw nor knew the blush's existence, nor did he dream that greater than his mad blow and the visible bruise was the smiting of Amanda's nature on that night to life.

She followed him up the ladder, stole to her usual place by Lily Bud's side, glowing like a flame.

CHAPTER V.

The daylight commanded him to awaken, to recommence the battle for an existence he valued very little. As he opened his eyes, the first affirmatively good feeling he had known for a long time came to him. This morning did not see him a murderer, gratitude filled him. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, and with this on his lips he rose from the bed.

In the kitchen below he found Mrs. Henchley, moving about in the dense smoke of ham and frying bacon; whilst Lily Bud, who never did any work, sat idly by the table. The oldest Miss Henchley rarely addressed Euston, but contented herself with casting soft and well-aimed glances at him from under her lashes. So far each look had found its mark.

"'Manda's got a tetch of chills," grandmaw said through the smoke. "'Pears like the child was going to shake us all out of bayde. Pore little thing! She ain't been subjeck to 'em, neither. You-all feelin' peart, suh?"

With fresh qualms of conscience at the news, he expressed regret at Amanda's indisposition, and said that, as far as he was concerned, he could be tramping on this day.

"Whar you-all live to?" Lily Bud asked him.

Euston smiled faintly.

"Nowhere; just getting along south to look up my family. I think I have relations somewhere about this region."

Whereupon, over bacon and coffee, a confab followed between grandmaw and Euston relating to family names and places.

It was many years since Euston had been so long sober. After this month of tranquillity and normal living his mind was clear and active; he had straightened himself to listen to the old woman with most polite attention. Meanwhile Lily Bud languished her fatalist glance at him.

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"Yo' from the norf, suh?" Mrs. Henchley asked her first personal question with a note of exquisite softness in her voice, an apology for the directness of the point.

"Yes, I came from New York here."

"I'd like po'ful to see it," mused the old creature. "Seems like a dream, them parts. I'm po'ful fon' o' foran travel, on'y I ain't hed much 'casion fer it."

Euston, spurred on by her intelligent curiosity and by the fact that Lily Bud listened intently, talked of the north, and, quite astonished at his own ready flow of words and his power to depict and describe, held his simple audience spellbound.

At the beginning of breakfast he sat opposite to her, but as the morning wore on he found himself close to her side, addressing his tale to Lily Bud directly.

He recalled to himself with sentiment that it was *her* pink ribbon whose little fluttering flag and human indication had saved his life by the pond that day.

Euston forgot that this girl was dressed in a scanty cotton gown. Youth lay along the contour of her smooth cheek; her hands were small and dimpled. She was a woman, the first woman of whom he had thought for long—long; and, healed by his fast of a little of his disease, he was growing rapidly like other men; his natural, normal, vigorous manhood was stirring in him again. When her attention was most keenly riveted on him, a knock at the shanty door made them start. They had been too absorbed in Euston's story to hear a buggy drive up in the soft sand road.

Dexter Falloner was again a caller at Henchley's, but this time he came with no fellow beaux; he had driven over from Daco a stranger whom he now ushered into the kitchen—a man in store-clothes—boiled shirt and derby hat, a flashy tie, a pair of gloves; to the eyes of all save Euston, a gentleman.

"Well, howdy-all!" Falloner's cheerful voice and look took them all in. "Whayr's 'Mandy?"

"Hill fever," said her grandmother.

"This hyar's a Mister Bachman, mam." He presented the guest. "He suttinly would come over hyar tew Henchley's. 'Pears like he's heard o' your gyrls' gran'maw."

Was this a seeker after her granddaughter's hand in marriage? The old woman looked at the man imperturbably.

"Hev a cheer, suh."

The stranger nervously dropped into one.

"Yes, ma'm," he said in a brisk Yankee twang, "I've been to Daco on a little business, and I wanted to see the real hill-folks."

Emanuel Bachman laid his hat on the table and his gloves on it, and thrust his hands between his waistcoat and trousers band, and, leaning back his chair, cheerfully addressed the forbidding old woman.

"Why, I guess you've all of you heard of Rexington? Great place, elegant city, big buildings, and heaps of stores; elegant hotels and all sorts of conveniences. Well, I guess you've heard of Mr. Grismore too, haven't you now? No? Not you, sir? My sakes! Well, he's a millionaire!"

Up in the loft Amanda had stolen from her bed, and crouched listening, unseen, to the unusual goings-on in the kitchen. When the millionaire's great name had, to Bachman's thinking, sufficiently penetrated his audience, he went on:

"Yes, ma'm, Jacob Grismore's a big benefactor to the South. He's a Northerner, and he's bringing down all his capital and his talent into the South. Mr. Grismore has bought up the old cotton-mills where they were trying to run the con cern with nigger labour, and he is going to turn them into elegant mills."

Mr. Bachman took in the rags of the man opposite.

"There's money to be made in Rexington, you bet your life," he said pointedly; "and store-clothes for gentlemen and silk dresses for ladies." He laughed coarsely; no one had spoken thus far but himself. He had not reached the pith of his argument; he was undisturbed by the cool silence. "Now,what Mr. Grismore wants"—he leaned forward confidingly—"is to fill his mills with first-class operators at good wages. He's going to open up the Southern manufactures and its progress."

A girl's voice timidly asked here, "Does they-all hev tew work hyard?"

Bachman looked on, delighted at this exhibition of interest in an eligible "hand."

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Tales of other countries, the stories of life and amusement, the scenes just painted for them by Euston, had been assailing her young ears all the morning. For the first time life had entered the shanty with Euston's advent. He was, in spite of his rags and misery, different from the people she had hitherto seen. She was restless and ready for existence. Silk dresses, ribbons, money, all suddenly shaken before her eyes, dazzled her poor little brain. She must breathe or stifle to death. Her cheeks were red, her eyes sparkled. Before Bachman could reply to her question, Euston spoke:

"You are engaging hands for mill work?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are the hours?"

"Well," hesitated Bachman, too clever to tell the truth to these free children of the woods, "Mr. Grismore ain't scheduled out his time just yet."

He spoke sharply, as much as to say, "You're a pretty one to ask about hours of labour!" And Euston, remarking his irritability, and laying it to his rags and unprepossessing appearance, did not press the subject, but said quietly:

"I'll go with you, if you like."

"First-rate!" nodded Bachman, his eyes on the girl.

"'N' I'll go with you-all tew," she said excitedly.

Grandmaw Henchley was over at her dresser; she turned like a flash, opened her lips, then shut them tight. Bachman looked over at her.

"How's that, ma'm—all right?"

The tanned hide of her face paled; her mouth was wrapped in a mass of wrinkles that, like a mail, protected its natural expression from the eyes of the world.

"Ma gran'datter's gone twenty-one," she said slowly. "Her maw done went away from me 'thaout astin'; she kin dew's she's a mind."

And Lily Bud's mind was pretty sure to do the selfish, vain, capricious thing. As for Euston, he only thought it was in his case a chance for life. Under the table, Lily Bud slipped out her hand, and took his as it lay on his knee. He was surprised, and his heart beat faster as he clasped the soft hand.

Bachman said: "Well, ma'm, we are getting along. Ain't you got another pretty granddaughter?"

For response old Mrs. Henchley went over to the foot of the ladder, and called sharply up, "'Manda!"

She had no need to repeat the call; a crouching figure at the ladder's head rose to sight, and Amanda came down into the kitchen. She was now in the fever following her chill; her cheeks were brilliant, her mouth parched, and her eyes, grey and bright as stars, shone from beneath her disordered hair. She was enveloped in an old shawl her grandmother had wrapped around her hours before. Amanda cast a look of frank dislike at the strange man.

"Ih hyard you!" she snapped at him. "You suttinly *kin* spout, suh! What you-all want with me, gran'maw?"

The figures of the old woman and the young girl stood side by side.

"She's a little cat!" Bachman thought. "She's got claws!"

Amanda cast a glance on the pair sitting by the kitchen table; under it she could see the clasped hands. No sight in all her young, untried life had ever given her such a cruel pain. Euston couldn't look toward her for very shame with recollections of the previous night, and Lily Bud was supremely unconscious of her; so Amanda's steady, staring disgust was unhindered.

"Yo' sistah 'n' Mr. Euston goin' to the cotton-miels, honey," said her grandmother. "Does you-all wan't t' go tew?"

Still staring at the lovers, the child asked:

"'N' whose goin' ter stay along of you-all?"

"Waal," said the old woman, "I seen some few days fo' you wuz bon, 'n' I reckon I don't disremember how I put 'em thro'!"

There was no melodrama in Amanda's intense and deeply feeling nature. Under her shawl and over her aching little heart she folded her arms tightly.

"I'm suttinly goin' t' stay."

Her grandmother's controlled features revealed nothing of the triumph she felt in Amanda.

She said sharply, with delighted resumption of authority: "Well, you git straight away upstairs t' bayde, 'n' I'll carry you up some sassafras tea."

Amanda turned obediently, and as her figure in the grey shawl passed Dex he whispered:

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"Say, 'Manda, I ain't goin' t' Rexington neither. Damn him 'n' his mills tew!"

* * * * *

That night there was no sleep possible for her, and at length, being devoured by the heat of her fever, she said to Lily Bud:

"I'm po'ful dry, 'n' I'm goin' daounstairs t' git a drink o' watter."

The kitchen looked just as it had the night before, when, at the risk of her life, she had wrestled with Euston and his fiend, but clouds were hiding the moon, and the room was dark. Not daring to linger lest the cold air should bring on a new chill, she poured out a dipper of water, and drank it greedily, and then climbed back to the loft.

At the top Euston was standing; she could discern his figure, although she could not see his face. Perhaps he is meditating another forage? However, she went on, but not past him, for he caught her by her hand, and in another second both arms were around her. Before she knew what had been done, his lips met hers—hers went to his without resistance, and clung. Never did woman's lips meet man's more utterly, more completely, than in this second. In the first kiss of her life the ardent, primitive little creature gave to him all.

Her lips were smooth and soft; cooled with the fresh water that had so greatly refreshed them, they were like flowers humid with morning. Euston drank from them a draught such as he had never dreamed to taste. One long embrace, and she had slipped from his arms, and before he could speak or find his voice she had disappeared in the door of her room.

CHAPTER VI.

One morning the buggy of Mr. Grismore drove through Rexington at an uncommonly early hour.

The manufacturer sat comfortably back smoking his cigar, and unconsciously expanding with his own importance, and in the knowledge that South Carolina was all for him. He touched his hat to people he passed, although at this hour only tradesmen were astir. Mr. Grismore represented what the south needs—Northern capital and push in the person of a man whose sympathies are not antagonistic.

Money expended by him in this part of the country had bought all the adjoining land round the town, intending little by little, as his enterprise paid, to raze the present mill and construct a new. At this date existed the old Crompton, and a smaller mill, the Janet.

"Turn here," he said to his wife who drove him, "down to Radnor's. I shall be detained an hour or so looking over the people Bachman has brought from the hills."

They drove up, and stopped a little way from the door of a country hotel.

"Let me wait here for you," his wife said. "It's a good time to satisfy my curiosity about the emigrants."

Mrs. Grismore, holding the reins in one hand and her parasol in the other, leaned back, and regarded the scene before her eyes.

The tavern-keeper hurried forward to greet them, bowed several times with the courtesy of a Southerner.

"Your people are hyar, suh—some dozen of them. They are all on their feet but one." It was well known that Radnor found means to evade the State dispensary law.

Grismore glanced at the pioneer group before his eyes, and said jocosely to the landlord:

"Well, I hope you have not filled those people up with fusel-oil?"

Radnor grinned and exclaimed with alacrity:

"I reckon *I* couldn't teach them anything about whisky-making."

"What's the matter with the man who's not on his feet?"

"Oh, well," said Radnor, "I reckon he's got a little touch of hill fever."

Meanwhile, the eyes of Mrs. Grismore were fixed on what she saw before her, a band of silent, waiting human beings; a tribe of representative men and women of the hills. They partook of the yellow tone of the sandy soil from which they sprung. Their clothes were homespun and cotton-print gowns, of nondescript colours. The women, graceless and awkward, were hatless. Those who boasted any head-covering whatsoever wore sun-bonnets. Many of them

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had no possessions in the world but the clothes on their backs.

There were small girls of tender age —less than fifteen. There were men and maidens, brothers and sisters, and those who had no close relationship. The men, shambling and loosely set together, were, nevertheless—one or two—a little above the average in height and strength. Their clothes were coverings for them, little more. Many, too, were hatless. How were they to get to Crompton? It was four miles away.

Her eyes, dim with pity, wandered to the hotel, where, against the wall of the house, a man was leaning. He lurched forward, twice she thought he would fall on his face. He must be very ill, poor creature! Once he looked up and caught the sympathy and pity on the face of the woman in the carriage. Even through his drunken stupor the human look touched him. He tried to straighten himself; pulled at his collar, settled his hat a little. It was pitiful. Grismore leaned out of the buggy, his cigar between his fingers. He glanced at the man by the hotel door, then at Radnor suspiciously.

"Knocked out! What's the matter? I told Bachman I didn't want any invalids or broken-down people."

This threat, made in an undertone, was supposed to be audible to Radnor alone. But the man leaning against the side of the hotel felt he was being made the subject of conversation, and came forward with an uncertain step, which he vainly tried to steady. Mr. Grismore, who had got out of his buggy, approached the group of labourers.

"Look here"—he addressed the group of new hands collectively. "You're a strong, good-looking lot of people, and I guess you will like the mills. I want you to understand right here that I don't hire loungers and lazers, and the first man or woman who is found with whisky in my settlement gets themselves shipped. . . ."

When this threat sufficiently penetrated the group, who one and all came from the whisky-distilling region, Mr. Grismore turned to Euston.

"As for you," he dismissed him brutally, "there's no work here for you, sir."

The man had difficulty in finding his voice.

"I was engaged to work in your mills by your overseer. I have come to Rexington . . . for work. . . . I am going to have it."

The manufacturer looked from the tattered shoes to the weather-stained hat with acute disdain.

"*Work!* You are a pretty specimen to talk of work! Why, I don't believe you've ever done an honest day's labour in your life! I don't fill my mills with drunken vagabonds."

The scarlet from the man's lip appeared to run over his pale cheeks. His eyes grew dark, the brilliancy died out of them.

There were certain qualities in Euston that never quite went back on him. He felt his head clearing and strength returning at the treatment. He edged toward the group of hill people. On the edge of the crowd stood a girl in a neat dress and a white sun-bonnet. He motioned to her with an authoritative gesture of his hand. If she had been a bird moving in response to a magnetic call, Lily Bud could not have come forward more instantly. Radnor stepped between the advancing girl and the stranger.

"You quit meddling with Mr. Grismore's people! And *you* go back to the others, my girl!"

But his portly frame was pushed aside by an arm strengthened through desperate fury. Euston took Lily Bud by the shoulder.

"*This man,*" he said to her, "has refused to give me work in his mills. There are plenty of other mills in the South; there is a mill right here in this town. I am going to get work in it; you must go with me."

Grismore addressed the hotel-keeper.

"Will you stop this disgraceful performance? Will you take this fellow in charge, Radnor?"

"Certainly, Mr. Grismore—certainly." But he made no step toward the fellow; instead, he said persuasively to Lily Bud: "Now you go over there to the mills with your friends, if you know what's good for you."

The terrified backwoods girl shook her head.

The manufacturer said furiously to Euston:

"What right have you to entice this woman?"

And Euston, leaning on Lily Bud's

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shoulder, made no reply, while to the girl he said:

"You are free to do as you like. Are you going over to Crompton, or are you going to stay with me?"

She turned her frightened eyes from the manufacturer to Euston, and murmured:

"I'm going t' stay with you-all."

Under his hand which was on her shoulder Euston could feel the flesh grow cold through her cotton dress.

Grismore, tired of the scene, and anxious to spare his wife any further opportunity for study of the lower classes, spoke again to his hands:

"Is there anyone here who has a claim on this girl?"

And Cally Griscom stirred.

"Yes, suh; I'm 'quainted with her folks."

"Well, then," gestured Grismore, "take her along with you, and let us get these folks moving."

But Grisçom stood immovable. He grinned.

"I cayn't take no gyrl from her *"sport"* if she-all don't wan't t' go!"

In the interval the man at Lily Bud's side had managed to say a great deal to her. They had no intention of being parted, that was clear to be seen.

Grismore relinquished the adjustment with disgust.

"Come, start these people along, Radnor. I will have this man arrested and locked up. You're no companion for an innocent young girl."

And the girl, about to burst into tears at this threat, fluttered out:

"He suttinly is goin' to marry me!"

The manufacturer shrugged his shoulders and said with an ugly look:

"If it is as bad as that, you'd better take him at his word. There are no laws to prevent you marrying a drunkard, but you are a fool!"

He drew on his gloves and settled his hat. His annoyance at the girl's obstinacy and the man's insolence served him to vent his spleen on Radnor. He moved toward his buggy.

"Look here, Radnor: I find this man, who has been engaged by my overseer to work in my mills, incapacitated at your tavern. Now, it's to your advantage to look after him."

Her the man who had been obliged to lean on Lily Bud for support felt his breast heave with fury. He withdrew from the girl, staggered up to Grismore, and said, close to the manufacturer's face:

"And you? Who made you a judge? Come! Have you ever known the curse of thirst, the love of drink, and satisfied it? Come!"

Grismore grew deathly white, all save the veins in his nose, red cords running down through the fleshy part.

"By . . . !"—he doubled his fists—"if you were sober, I would knock you down!"

And he would have been obliged to do so in sheer self-defence if Radnor, coming forward, had not grasped Euston from the back by both arms. Euston's strength had already outworn itself. Grismore stared a second furiously at the face near him, as if by mental photography the features were impressed on his mind—a clear-cut, well-bred face, dark eyes, and a slender, black-pointed beard. There was a familiar look in those eyes. *Who was this man? Where had they seen each other?*

Without another word to him, Grismore turned on his heel, put his foot on the buggy step, and got in. But his wife laid her hand on his arm.

"Jacob, the man is ill. You can't order a man like that to be locked up in gaol. Tell Radnor to send him to the hospital."

He turned about abruptly to Radnor, and said:

"Mrs. Grismore has a kind word to say for this wretched creature. Give him a room in your hotel; put him to bed." He turned to Euston magnificently. "I'll forget your insolence; you don't know what you are doing. You'd better sleep your drink off before you think of marriage. Keep the girl with your wife, Radnor. If she wants to marry him when he's sober, why, it's her own affair."

Radnor still held Euston by the arms, but might without danger have let him go. Passion had died in him; he stood wavering, his eyes fastened on the ground. When the buggy had rolled out of sight the hotel-keeper gave him a push.

"Such scum as you are ought to be kept off the face of the earth. I'm damned sorry for the girl, that's all I

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say. To-morrow you clear off my premises, do you hear? If it was not for the woman, I'd kick you up into the town. You can sleep here to-night for her sake."

Euston straightened himself and raised to the innkeeper a face from which hate had died. He said with a certain grace:

"I won't trouble you for a room. I'm going up to town to find a minister. I promise to keep off your premises. You'll get into trouble with that brute if I don't."

"Well, get along with you," Radnor said more decently. "Try to keep away from a bar for twenty-four hours."

Euston put his arm through the woman's, and she led him away, weeping and wiping her tears with the other hand.

(*To be continued.*)

ROBERT E. LEE*

Thirty-four years ago, October 12th, 1870, in the city of Lexington, Virginia, occurred a death which will never be forgotten. The calm, resigned face upon which the watchers looked, was that of one of the grandest and greatest of men—the face of Robert Edmund Lee. Two weeks prior, on September 28th, he had presided for three hours at a meeting of the vestry of Grace Episcopal Church. The building was very damp and chilly owing to there having been one of the severest storms which had visited that section of the country in many years. Much business was transacted, including arrangements for rebuilding the church edifice. General Lee's last act at this meeting, and indeed, the last act of the life of this great and good man, was to make up from his own restricted income a deficiency in the salary of the pastor. The chill of that evening intensified a rheumatic affliction about the region of the heart, which had its origin from exposure to which he was subjected in the trying campaign of 1863. The business of the session delayed him later than his usual tea hour, and upon reaching home the family were awaiting him. For the last time they all stood to hear him offer thanks. Some moments elapsed, but no utterance came from General Lee's lips. He made an earnest but fruitless effort to speak, and then sank into a chair. He was carried to his bed, from which he seemed to know he would never arise. Riding his favourite horse "Traveller" had been a fond pleasure and had done much to benefit his health. His devoted physician sought in many ways to cheer and encourage him. He would look at the General with a bright smile, more than once using words like these: "You must hasten to be well and strong again.—Traveller is restive for you to take him out over the hills.—Exercise does so much good for you, and Traveller needs it also."—His reply to, or rather, acknowledgment of these and other encouraging words, was only to close his eyes and manifest his discouragement by a slow, slight shake of the head. He yielded patiently to the wishes of his physician and family, submitting to treatment and taking all prescribed medicines, but this was evidently to please those who were devoting themselves to his comfort and recovery, as he would sometimes murmur: "It is no use." This and other similar expressions made it quite apparent that he fully realised that the fatal hour was at hand.

Allusions to his recovery were almost always met by a resigned, pleasant expression, by an opening of the eyes and an upward look.

On October 11th, dangerous symptoms developed. His respiration was hurried and his pulse had become feeble and rapid. During the night he was restive; he continued to recognise those who

*Recollections and letters of General Robert E. Lee. By Captain Robert E. Lee. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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approached his bedside, but his strength was failing, and like a tired man dropping into a sweet sleep, at nine o'clock on the morning of October 12th he closed his eyes, and with a gentleness which had characterised his life, General Lee passed from the world terrestrial to the world eternal, and a life perfect in all things was ended.

As an exemplar whether in peace or war, history will place General Lee upon the highest niche of fame. He was superb in strategy, wise in conception, and bold, determined and resistless in execution.

The study of his aggressive campaigns in the seven days' fight against McClellan before Richmond, and his wonderful campaigns of August and September, 1862, and the study of his defensive operations during the eleven months from the "Battle of the Wilderness" in May, 1864, to the closing scenes at Petersburg in March, 1865, make us wonder whether this great Master of War most excelled in offensive or defensive warfare. The sagacity shown by his strategic plans and his almost unequalled tactical skill on the field of battle, make us ask: "Was his genius greater as a strategist or as a tactician when face to face with an opposing army?"

General Lee's own opinion upon any and all questions concerning himself we can never know. Not a line or word was left by him to explain the many difficulties and embarrassments which he met and surmounted at almost every point of his wonderful career.

General Lee left his history and his fame in the hands of posterity, and he left it in safe hands. We have his official reports, which show an earnest effort to give the fullest possible credit to his subordinate generals, and in all instances where his gallant army failed to accomplish everything that was hoped or wished for, he took the entire responsibility upon himself.

He has left us his letters, mostly to his family, and extending through a period of more than a quarter of a century. These letters present a picture and give evidence of high character, goodness and purity, which must be an example of the greatest value to the young men not of our land alone, but the people throughout the world.

My personal knowledge of General Lee commenced fifty years ago last June when, armed with a warrant as a cadet, and an order to report to the Superintendent of the Military Academy, I landed at West Point and was ushered into the presence of Colonel Robert E. Lee. I have never seen another form or face which so impressed me. His expression embodied kindness, modesty, dignity and, really, all the characteristics which indicate the existence of the highest type of purity and nobility. At that time he was only a Captain of Engineers and a brevet-colonel in the Army, his three brevet commissions having been won seven years before by his gallantry and skill in the War with Mexico. Notwithstanding his low rank, it was the general opinion of the Army that he was the proper officer to succeed General Winfield Scott as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States.

The story of all nations from the most remote ages is largely the history of warriors and heroes, but it belonged to the American Republic, founded and defended by Freedom's Sons, to create the one most worthy of love and admiration; for above them all shines the immortal name of Robert Edmund Lee.

Joseph Wheeler.

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HERE AND THERE

The Campaign.

In two more weeks the quadrennial battle of the parties will have ended. Either the Republicans will be still more firmly buttressed in their possession of power, or else the Democrats will be preparing, for the third time within the memory of this generation, to make a triumphant entry into Washington on the fourth day of next March. The campaign so far has been marked by no exciting incident. Indeed, the general attitude of the voters has been one of exceptional calmness. No one really feels any serious concern over the outcome, except, perhaps, those conservative Republicans who believe that Mr. Roosevelt is sure to be elected, and who are just a little anxious as to what that very impulsive gentleman may do if he should be converted from an "accidental President" into a President elected by a vast majority. With no further motive for even a partial and politic self-effacement, with no inducement to "be good," and with an emphatic mandate from the people to go ahead in his own way, just what sort of an administration would he give the country?

This question no one feels competent to answer. In fact, no one really knows just where Mr. Roosevelt actually stands with regard to several most important questions. This doubt is the result of a very ingenious line of policy in the past two years. Take the question of the so-called Trusts, for example. The President in several speeches, made last year, spoke brave words of his intention to bring the "bad Trusts" to book. He caused his Attorney-General, Mr. Knox, to bring suit against the Northern Securities Company; and a United States Court dissolved the famous merger on the ground that in principle it was in restraint of lawful competition. But on the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt let the matter rest right there. The legal penalty was not exacted from the promoters of the merger. A suit against the Beef Trust has been allowed to languish. The case against the Temple Iron Company which was responsible for the coal famine of 1902, has apparently been pigeon-holed. Finally, Mr. Knox, after declaring that in the matter of prosecuting Trusts he was not going to "run amuck," was appointed by the Governor of Pennsylvania to succeed the deceased corruptionist, Quay, in the United States Senate, this appointment having been urged by Mr. Cassatt, the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Moreover, after thundering loudly against all railway corporations that had violated or might violate the law, Mr. Roosevelt put himself under personal obligations to half a dozen corporations by permitting them to provide him with a special train and free maintenance for nearly two months while he visited the Pacific Coast, and sowed the seed for a boom in 1904. The result of all this is peculiar. Enough was done to make the corporations fear the presidential power and to make an anti-trust record at which stump-speakers "point with pride" in the campaign; yet not enough was done to convince the intelligent that Mr. Roosevelt's vociferous declarations in 1902 were anything more than *brutum fulmen*. Hence, the Trust magnates have contributed freely to the Republican campaign funds, in the hope of buying exemption in the future; while still the people at large believe that Mr. Roosevelt is their champion against monopoly and lawless wealth.

The same uncertainty exists regarding the inner intentions of the President as to the tariff, should he be elected for a second term. It is well known that he is by conviction a free-trader; and even since he became President he has spoken favourably of reciprocity treaties and of a revision of the present oppressive tariff schedules. Yet, for the purposes of the campaign, he has ranged himself with the extreme protectionists and speaks with scorn of those political economists who cannot view a billion-dollar steel company in the light of an infant industry which would perish if not protected against English and German manufacturers, whom this company is underselling in all the markets of the world. But whether after his election Mr. Roosevelt would preserve his present attitude

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or whether he would suddenly urge a radical revision of the tariff, no one knows. And so, protectionists will vote for him on faith, and not a few low tariff men in hope. And thus he gets support from both alike.

One thing is very clear, however. If Mr. Roosevelt should be elected this will not be due to the influence of his personality. Few Republicans outside of the cowboy States show any great enthusiasm for the quondam Rough Rider. Every day you will hear men say, "If only the two parties would change candidates! Then I could vote the Republican ticket without turning a hair. As it is, I am voting more for the party than for the man." And it is, in fact, the record of the Republican party that will carry the election if Mr. Roosevelt shall win. Our people have short memories. Many forget that in 1888 the Republican national convention denounced Mr. Cleveland for his fidelity to the gold standard. They forget that a Republican President signed the Sherman Silver Act, which brought on the panic of 1893 and forced Mr. Bryan to the front as a presidential candidate. They forget that it was a Democratic President who compelled the repeal of this pernicious law and saved the national Treasury from something like repudiation. Their memories go no further back than 1896 and the great contest between Bryan and McKinley. And so they hesitate and say that, after all, the Republican party is the safest on the whole, even though they feel a little nervous over Mr. Roosevelt's impulsiveness.

The general course of the Democratic campaign has been marked by ups and downs. Immediately after Judge Parker sent his famous telegram, his party became inspired with a buoyant confidence which found its counterpart in a corresponding depression among the Republican leaders. Professional bettors shortened their odds on Mr. Roosevelt so that the current offers were only 10 to 7. But then came an inevitable reaction. Judge Parker's speech of acceptance hardly filled the measure of public expectation, as indeed, no speech whatever could have done. Then there was talk of Mr. Bryan's scarcely concealed hostility to his party's candidate, of disaffection in the West, and of internal feuds among the New York leaders. Mr. Roosevelt took heart of grace and put forth his letter of acceptance, the aggressive tone of which was a trumpet-call to wavering Republicans. Then came a perceptible sag in the Democratic canvass. A sort of lethargy seemed to take hold upon the party organisers. Days and weeks slipped by and nothing was done at the national headquarters. Mr. Taggart talked a good deal too much and accomplished next to nothing. The make-up of his office staff seemed to be of more consequence to him than the greater work of the campaign; and the opposition press abounded in jokes over the methods of "Telephone Tom." The betting on Mr. Roosevelt stood at 5 to 2.

But toward the end of the summer, there came a slow but certain change. The Democracy was getting its second wind. Judge Parker came to New York and personally instructed his political representatives. Experienced party managers, like Mr. Lamont and Mr. Gorman, took charge of the practical details. Mr. Bryan, after sulking for a time, came forth in what appears to be a frank acceptance of the new order. Men of high character and influence, like Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Olney, Mr. Edward M. Shepard, Mr. Schurz, and others, announced that they would take part in the campaign. The differences in New York were adjusted. When Ex-Senator Hill made a speech, nominating his old opponent, Judge Herrick, for the governorship of New York, success in that important State seemed well assured. The Vermont election in September showed the usual Republican majority; but the Maine election, soon after, indicated an increase in the Democratic vote of 35 per cent. as compared with the returns of 1900. Moreover, certain features of the Republican campaign estranged many independent voters and even affected some of Mr. Roosevelt's regular supporters. The resignation of Mr. Cortelyou from the Cabinet to act as Chairman of the Republican Campaign Committee, was regarded as something worse than an error of taste. Mr. Cortelyou as Secretary of Labour and Commerce had obtained officially an intimate knowledge of the business affairs of many great corporations. That he, with this official knowledge, should be set to collecting

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party funds from the heads of these same corporations was obviously an impropriety; and gave at least a colour of justification to the Democratic newspapers which denounced it as being morally a species of blackmail. This feeling was enhanced when it was rumoured that after the election Mr. Cortelyou was to receive the position of Postmaster-General, a functionary who has valuable mail contracts in his gift. The extraordinary utterances made upon the stump by President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Shaw, likewise tended to excite strong disapproval. Mr. Shaw is a fluent speaker who dearly loves to bellow to the public. Unfortunately for him, his gift of oratory is more conspicuous than his gift of thought. He says whatever comes into his head in the enthusiasm of the moment, and therefore his casual opinions are often indiscreet. During the present campaign he has been thanking God for the fact that the cost of living has grown higher; and he has made even his own associates gasp by announcing that the executive departments of the government are not subject to investigation by Congress! This assertion by a member of Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet has very naturally been used by Democratic speakers to bear out their assertion that a second Roosevelt administration would not be one of law but rather of purely personal government, carried out largely by "executive order," as in the famous Pension Circular, and in the matter of the "infinitesimal interval" which gave the President a chance to push the fortunes of Dr. Leonard Wood. Finally the Republican claim that times are good and the country highly prosperous has failed to convince the people as a whole; for closing mills and restricted business form a sharp and unpleasant contrast with the golden days when Mr. McKinley lived and governed.

Hence, during the past four weeks the Democratic prospects have grown appreciably brighter. And yet, in forecasting the probable issue of the election, the chances favour Mr. Roosevelt; and for the reason that in order to succeed, Judge Parker would practically have to carry every really doubtful State. New York may perhaps be conceded to him, with West Virginia and Maryland. But he can be certain of no other Northern State. In Wisconsin the fight between Governor La Follette and the Stalwart faction will cut down the Republican plurality, yet that seems too great to be wiped out. Connecticut is very doubtful, and so is Indiana, which is the home State of Mr. Fairbanks. About the situation in New Jersey, there is something rather sinister. New Jersey is normally a Democratic State. It is the only Northern State which gave its electoral vote to Horace Greeley in the Democratic *débâcle* of 1872. Yet at present, Republicans are claiming it with perfect confidence, while the Democrats seem indisposed to reckon it among their assets. Colonel George Harvey, who knows New Jersey politics like a book and who is himself quite favourable to Judge Parker, has prophesied that it will go Republican. Here is something which no one has attempted to explain in public and of which there seems to be a certain hesitation in saying anything. Just what influences are at work only a few men appear to know and they are very reticent. As to the scattering Western States, such as Colorado and Nevada, there is no especial reason for counting on a Democratic victory; since in that portion of the country Mr. Roosevelt's personal popularity is very great. Mr. Bryan's State, Nebraska, is surely lost to the Democracy through a partial fusion with the Populists. Mr. Bryan announced this prospective loss of his own State in a manner which suggested crocodile tears; but as he himself had failed to carry the State in 1900, his announcement was not precisely startling. On the whole, then, the Democrats are making an uphill fight against a party firmly intrenched in power and with a record which, when all is said, appeals more strongly to many independent voters than does the recent variegated history of the Democracy. We should say that the chances of Mr. Roosevelt's election stand at the ratio of about 5 to 3.

There are more than a few Republicans, men able to rise above purely partisan considerations, who, feeling assured of Mr. Roosevelt's election, are for that very reason going to cast their vote against him. Their motive is one which appeals to the philosophical observer of political conditions. They desire that the Republican Party shall remain in power,

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yet they deem it a bad thing that its domination should be so overwhelming as to make its leaders careless or corrupt. No group of human beings can long remain efficient and worthy of confidence in a position of high trust without some system of checks and balances which shall hold them to a strict accountability at every moment. This is true in business life, and it is true in political life as well. In other words, a powerful and dignified Opposition is as necessary to the interests of the country as is a wise and energetic Government. The only dark places in the record of the Republican Party are to be found in those portions of its history when its leaders felt that, no matter what they did, they could still retain their power because for the time the Democratic Party was utterly discredited. Hence, it came about, for instance, that the second administration of President Grant was tainted and defiled with every sort of sordid scandal—the scandal of the Whiskey Ring, the scandal of the post traderships, which forced the Secretary of War to resign in haste in order to avoid impeachment, the scandal of the Navy Department under Secretary Robeson, when millions upon millions were spent on the pretense of repairing worthless hulks, the scandal of omnipresent nepotism, and the scandal of the close connection of the President's own relatives with those who were pillaging the public treasury. Had there been an opposition party which commanded the confidence of the people, these things would not have happened; but as it was, the country acquiesced and suffered shame rather than accept the alternative of a Democratic administration.

Should Mr. Roosevelt be continued in office by an immense majority, there is some reason to fear that history might repeat itself, and that the germs of lawlessness and extravagance which are already visible would develop a rank and startling growth. For this reason, many sincere and conscientious Republicans will vote against him, not to keep him out of office, but to hold him to a sense of stern responsibility. Should Judge Parker be overwhelmingly defeated, then once more the wild men and fanatics, the Populists and the Socialists, would seize upon the party reins, and the country would be unable to turn in case of need to a sane, conservative, and honest Opposition. To the patriot who loves his country first of all, no fanatical adherence to any single party is an article of faith. Political parties are but instruments for the accomplishment of one great end, and that end is the welfare and the honour of the Nation as a whole. *H. T. P.*

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE THEORY OF BUSINESS ENTERPRISE By Thorstein Veblen. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is impossible in a brief review to analyse the contents of this book, or to indicate all the points in which it differs from works of other economists. We shall merely discuss some of the writer's general conclusions and illustrate his point of view, which seems to us unusual and likely to interest the general reader. We rarely detect any individuality in an economic treatise, especially in one like this, which makes a liberal use of technical terms, and does not aim at simplicity of style. Still more rarely does an economic writer confer any pleasure by his way of putting things. But in this philosophic survey of modern business there is an odd and pleasing combination of scientific calm and cool irony. Certain aspects of consolidation and advertising, the wrecking of rival business schemes, and the deceiving of purchasers, facts which men either rant about or hide from, he treats in a gentle, objective way which is peculiarly effective.

His main purpose is to assign to the business man a larger part in economic discussion than he has hitherto played in the writings of economists. They have either neglected him or identified him too closely with entrepreneur or undertaker. He is, on the other hand, a strategist seeking to extend ownership, and not a manager aiming only to promote the efficiency of a single industry. Industries are interdependent, and a disturbance in one affects the others. The work of adjusting the relations between industries is the function of

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the business man, and it outweighs in importance the detail work involved in carrying on a process of production. In an earlier and simpler stage this detail work of industrial management could be combined with the conduct of business, that is, the pecuniary strategy. Now, of course, it is impossible. Nevertheless, economists still speak of the business man under the name of entrepreneur, "and his function is held to be the coördinating of industrial processes with a view to economies of production and heightened serviceability." Mr. Veblen adds:

"The soundness of this view need not be questioned. It has a great sentimental value, and is useful in many ways. There is also a modicum of truth in it as an account of facts. In common with other men, the business man is moved by ideals of serviceability and an aspiration to make the way of life easier for his fellows. Like other men, he has something of the instinct of workmanship. No doubt such aspirations move the great business man less urgently than many others, who are, on that account, less successful in business affairs. Motives of this kind detract from business efficiency, and an undue yielding to them on the part of business men is to be deprecated as an infirmity. . . . Business men are also in a measure guided by the ambition to effect creditable improvement in the industrial processes which their business traffic touches. These sentimental factors in business exercise something of a constraint, varying greatly from one person to another, but not measurable in aggregate results. The careers of most of the illustrious business men show the presence of some salutary constraint of this kind. Not infrequently an excessive sensitiveness of this kind leads to a withdrawal from business, or from certain forms of business which may appeal to a vivid fancy as peculiarly dishonest or peculiarly detrimental to the community. Such grounds of action, and perhaps others equally genial and equally unbusinesslike, would probably be discovered by a detailed scrutiny of any large business deal. Probably in many cases the business strategist, infected with this human infirmity, reaches an agreement with his rivals and his neighbours in the industrial system without exacting the last concession that a ruthless strategy might entitle him to. The result is, probably, a speedier conclusion, and a smoother working of the large coalitions than would follow from an unmitigated sway of business principles."

Ideally the function of the business man is to keep the industrial balance and prevent disturbances, organise or combine with a view to economy of production, and see to it that commodities find their way to the points where they are most wanted. Actually, however, he is prompted by pecuniary interests, and these interests are not necessarily best served by smoothness and uniformity in industrial affairs. Gain may come to him by industrial disturbance. It is no concern of his whether or not his operations injure the system as a whole. "His gains (or losses) are related to the magnitude of the disturbances that take place, rather than to their bearing upon the welfare of the community." The exception to this is that larger strategy which seeks control of a far-reaching industry, for in that case when the end is attained it will be for the business man's interest that the conditions of the industry remain stable. Consolidation, however, is necessarily preceded by a period of contention and disturbance. Business interests delay desirable consolidations quite as often as they expedite them. "Serviceability, industrial advisability is not the decisive point. The decisive point is business expediency and business pressure." The "captain of industry inhibits as well as furthers the higher organisation of industry. . . . To the community at large the work of pecuniary management, it appears, is less serviceable the more there is of it. The heroic rôle of the captain of industry is that of a deliverer from an excess of business management. It is a casting out of business men by business men."

Nor, when it comes to the production of good, or the rendering of services, does it follow that the gains of the business are measured by the advantage to the community. Advertising creates factitious wants and fixes unreasonable convictions. "Advertising is competitive; the greater part of it aims to divert purchases, etc., from one channel to another channel of the same general class." A very large part of business is of this parasitic character. "A persistent excess of parasitic and wasteful efforts over productive industry must bring on a decline. But owing to the very high productive efficiency of the modern mechanical industry, the margin available for wasteful occupations and expenditures is very great."

The author tries to bring into prominence as an economic factor those business activities which do not necessarily respond to a public need. He discusses the dominance of "business principles" in law, politics, the press and education, as applied to loan credit and capital, and as relating to the general welfare. He is trying to find a theory in a field which economists for the most part leave to journalism and private conversation. Despite a Teutonic bent for scientific-looking phrases which make plain every-day matters look rather queer to their old acquaintances, there is much, especially in the early chapters, that should be suggestive both to specialists and to laymen.

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Unfortunately for the former class he reveals a hobby near the end, and when he touches on broader sociological themes, he is probably quite mad—not an uncommon result of the contact. He predicts a reversion to archaic standards of virtue, loyalty, war-like prowess and aggressive patriotism, and thinks we may have an imperial court in Washington. He thinks the machine process has "standardised" the minds of workingmen, made them think only in terms of physical cause and effect, destroyed all allegiance to the old conventional ideals and "practical" morality upon which modern business depends. A change must come, the business class will decay—and then perhaps a *jure divino* government at Washington. The last chapter of the book is a general indictment of modern society.

F. M. Colby.

A Belle of the Fifties. Memoirs of Mrs. Clay, of Alabama (1853-66.) Gathered and edited by Ada Sterling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co.

Mrs. Virginia Clay—now Mrs. Clay-Clopton—was the wife of the late Senator Clement C. Clay, who was so conspicuous a figure in Congress before the Civil War, and later one of the pillars of the Confederacy. In this book, Mrs. Clay-Clopton gives a most varied and frequently naïve account of what must have been the golden years of her life—first as a much-courted Southern beauty in her native State, then as a vivacious young matron in the politico-social set at Washington during the presidency of Franklin Pierce; next as one who experienced both the triumphs and the disasters of the war; and last of all as the wife of a man imprisoned for treason in a military dungeon, whose freedom she at length secured by infinite exertion.

A more variegated and artless collection of reminiscences we have seldom seen. One gets from it a vast number of side-lights on Southern plantation life in the old days. Mrs. Clay also knew everybody who was worth knowing in Washington, from the President and his supporters to the diplomats, and even to what she calls the Black Republicans, although these last she viewed with a noble scorn, and cherished a vow that never, never, never would she allow any of them to take her into dinner. Indeed, after the war was over and she had received particularly courteous treatment from a Union officer, and had impulsively shaken hands with him, she felt bound to note that it was "the first Yankee hand" that she had touched in four years. Students of social history will enjoy her reminiscences of the remarkable entertainments and the remarkable clothes which were considered the proper thing in the fifties. Political students will find a good deal of information here about such eminent persons as Chief Justice Taney, Seward, Lord Lyons, Jefferson Davis, Senator Lamar, Andrew Johnson, and Edwin M. Stanton. Mrs. Clay had to see Johnson often with regard to her husband's release from Fortress Monroe, and she gives a very curious account of the relations between the President and his despotic Secretary in the days preceding their final rupture. Altogether many more pretentious books are not only much less interesting than this, but are much less informing and illuminating. The illustrations will delight every one who enjoys a glimpse of the mutations of fashion.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

American Book Company:

A School History of England. By Harmon B. Niver, A.B.

Geography of New York. By Smith and Perry.

Greek Prose Composition. By Edward H. Spieker, Ph.D.

First Principles of Agriculture. By Goff and Mayne.

Grammar School Algebra. By A. W. Potter.

Text-Book of General Physics. By Joseph S. Ames, Ph.D.

Six educational books. The title of each suggests its purpose and scope.

Edward Arnold:

Wordless Conversation. By Mrs. Hugh Bell.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Deacon Lysander. By Sarah P. McLean Greene.

In her new book the author of "Vesty of the Basins" and "Cape Cod Folks" has left the quaint life of the seashore. The scene of this novel is Washington, but

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Mrs. Greene has taken with her the same New England types about which she wrote in her former books.

The Good of the Wicked. By Owen Kildare.

The sketches which make up this little book have already appeared in various New York newspapers. They deal with the people and life of the Bowery, and are written with appropriate jerkiness and slang.

Our Christmas Tides. By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., LL.D.

A collection of Yule Tides in sermons and poems. The book is exceptionally attractive typographically and in its method of illustration.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

The Pagan's Progress. By Gouverneur Morris.

A romance of love, jealousy and revenge among primitive men. The characters are: One Eye, Fish Catch, No Man, She Wolf, Sunrise, and other cave people, and their relations and adventures are told in a manner to suggest the origin of some of the concepts and institutions of civilisation.

In the Days of Chaucer. By Tudor Jenks. With an Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie.

This is the first volume of a new series in which the lives of great writers will be treated by Mr. Jenks with special emphasis on the personal side. The present volume endeavours to present in detail the daily life of the poet, and to sketch such conditions and events in the England of that period as tended to influence his work.

Beauty Through Hygiene. By Emma E. Walker, M.D.

Dr. Walker undertakes to demonstrate that beauty is an inalienable possession of every wholesomely brought-up and active woman. This is a book of practical advice.

Baumgardt Publishing Company:

Incense of Sandalwood. By Willimina L. Armstrong.

A collection of short stories, poems and apologues aiming to bring to the reader the far-off fragrance of the East. The book is curiously bound and printed, with the type running in vertical lines from the top to the bottom of the page.

Howard Wilford Bell:

Life of Jesus. By Ernest Renan.

National Documents. Collection of state papers.

The Study of Words. By Richard Chenevix Trench.

Domestic Manners of the Americans. By Frances M. Trollope.

These books published on the Unit System deserve frank commendation. They are very well bound and printed, and in the matter of selection the publisher is showing judgment and discrimination.

The Bookkeeper Publishing Company, Ltd.

Business Short Cuts. Arranged by the Board of Experts of the Bookkeeper and Business Man's Magazine.

Advice about accounting, advertising, bookkeeping, correspondence, card-indexing and management.

Brentano's:

Letters from a Portuguese Nun to an Officer in the French Army. Translated by W. R. Bowles, Esq.

The only American edition of these famous letters. It is an exact reproduction of the 1817 edition, including the frontispiece.

The Century Company:

Thackeray's Letters to an American Family.

This collection of the Baxter letters which were recently published in the "Century Magazine" is accompanied with an introduction by Lucy D. Baxter, original drawings by Thackeray, and facsimiles of some of the more interesting letters.

Captain John Smith. By Tudor Jenks.

Mr. Jenks believes that our country owes more to Captain John Smith than it realises, and he here attempts to present a clear and unbiased account which will do full justice to Smith's historical importance and to the picturesque side of his career.

The Brownies in the Phillipines. Verse and Pictures by Palmer Cox.

A juvenile story in verse, very freely illustrated with Mr. Cox's familiar Brownies.

The Youth of Washington. By S. Weir Mitchell.

The story of Washington's early career told in the form of an autobiography and blending history and fact. The form lends dramatic interest to the narrative, and reproduces especially in the letters which young Washington writes to his friends the style of the real Washington's correspondence.

Presidential Problems. By Grover Cleveland.

This book is not a theoretical discussion of such problems in general, but deals with actual issues which were presented to Mr. Cleveland during his years in the White House. They naturally tend to make clear his own position on such subjects as The Independence of the Executive, The Venezuela Boundary Contro-

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versy, the Chicago Riots of 1894, and the Bond Issue.

The Gray World. By Evelyn Underhill.

A fanciful and unusual story whose central character is a young man of very intense spiritual life, who is acutely conscious of the mysteries of the world. His fine susceptibility and concern for spiritual truth are brought into contrast with certain coarse every-day characters with striking effect.

Elinor Arden, Loyalist. By Mary Constance DuBois.

The heroine is the daughter of a Royalist in King Charles's time, who on her father's death becomes the charge of a Roundhead uncle. She remains true to her father's principles, and through her daring and resource saves the king's daughter from the enemy.

The Madigans. By Miriam Michelson.

A story of six girls, a cynical father and an irresponsible maiden aunt, told in the vivacious manner which characterises the author's "In the Bishop's Carriage." It is enlivened by the frequent quarrels of the children, whose family loyalty and real affection for one another, though strong, never come to the surface.

Paths of Judgment. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

A love story depending for its interest mainly upon delineation of contrasting types of character. It tells of a man's self-sacrifice in yielding to his rival the woman he loves.

Baby Elton, Quarterback. By Leslie W. Quirk.

A story of a college athlete who captures the trophy in the sophomore-freshman cane-rush, breaks the record for the mile run, saves a senior from drowning and in various other ways distinguishes himself by his prowess. The story, which is illustrated, deals solely with the athletic side of college life.

Kibun Daizin. By Gensai Murai.

A translation from the Japanese of Gensai Murai, one of Japan's popular novelists. The story, which is illustrated, is founded on the life of a famous Japanese merchant of the eighteenth century, whose ambition and daring in working his way through poverty to the position of a merchant prince is here described. It is meant especially for young readers.

Lucy and Their Majesties. By B. L. Farjeon.

A child's story, freely illustrated, in which the little heroine is saved from misfortune by the intervention of Madame Tussaud's wax figures which are suddenly brought to life.

The Principles of Economies. By Frank A. Fetter, Ph.D.

A text book for a systematic study of economics intended mainly for college students. It is based on class-room lectures and comments which have been greatly expanded and thoroughly revised. The arrangement and selection of topics, therefore, is the result of practical experience of the needs of students. It contains some new ideas on the subject of Theory of Distribution.

Columbia Publishing Company:

Wall Street Speculation. By Franklin C. Keyes, LL.B.

An arraignment of speculation.

T. S. Denison:

Pomes ov the Peepul. By a Syndicate of the Amalgamated Di'lect Forgers' Union.

J. M. Dent and Company:

St. Paul the Apostle of the Gentiles. By Rev. J. Gamble, M.A.

The latest addition to the Temple Series of Bible handbooks.

L. S. Dickey and Company:

Free America. By Bolton Hall.

In the author's own words this book aims to convince the stupid millions that injustice is never to their interest, and to show why a great many must work hard in order that one may live without working.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

Th Red Window. By Fergus Hume.

A new sensational novelist, who won his first success undeservedly through that vastly overrated book the "Mystery of the Hansom Cab."

Scarecrow and the Tin-Man.

Mother Goose A B C Book.

Animal Fair.

Barn-Yard Circus.

Simple Simon.

Three Little Kittens.

The above books are all juveniles.

The Records. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

This is a collection of Mr. Brady's short stories which have previously appeared in the magazines. The author says he has chosen this title because in nearly every story there is a basis of truth, and in some of those which seem the most improbable there is absolute truth even to details.

Jim Hickey. By George V. Hobart.

A "Story of the One Night Stands," by the author of "John Henry." It is a collection of humorous tales, including "The Tired Troupers," "The One Who Waited," "A Delayed Telegram," "The Injured Stranger," etc.

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The Tragedy of Saul. By Lewis A. Storrs.

A drama in blank verse in which Saul, the central figure, is treated as a man of vigorous qualities gradually weakened by the sense of his declining authority. The writer believes that the comparative failure of recent attempts to dramatise this story is due to the fact that David has been taken as the main character, although the character of Saul has the greater dramatic interest.

Oliver Ditson Company:

Ear Training for Teacher and Pupil. By C. A. Alchin.

A book designed to teach the pupil to think in tones, and so to train the ear and the feeling that even the tone-deaf may learn to sing, name, write, and play what they hear.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

More Notes from Underledge. By William Potts.

Descriptive of Farmington eighty years ago, and treating of the manners and customs of that time. A book of philosophical musings.

The Betrayal. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

An ingeniously woven narrative involving the attempt to find out how certain important secrets of the British War Office had been revealed. The scene is laid in England, and among the characters are an English war hero, a duke, a cabinet minister and an adventuress. A love story runs through it. The secret is well kept to the end.

Recreations of an Anthologist. By Brander Matthews.

A volume of brief papers which abound in literary allusion and quotation. The essays deal with various forms of verse, especially light verse, American satires and epigrams in verse, the quatrain, cookery rhymes, etc., and the author has illustrated freely and appropriately by citation. He also writes of the books, plays and poems which well-known authors had planned but never written.

Tommy & Co. By Jerome K. Jerome.

A new novel by the well-known author of "Three Men in a Boat," from which it differs in wider range of feeling and character-drawing and greater attention to plot, though written in the same humorous vim.

The Letter D. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

A love story of the present day, written in the pleasant style of Miss Litchfield's previous novels. Like them, its interest lies in the personal relations of the characters, and not in any attempt at "local colour," or the solving of social problems. A double love story runs through the book, and there is a serious element in the study of the characters' motives, especially of the mental attitude of a man toward the friend whom he has betrayed. It will be reviewed in a later number of this magazine.

The Loves of Miss Anne. By S. R. Crockett.

A lively story of love and adventure. The mischievous pranks of the heroine, the ingeniously contrived elopement, and many other episodes and incidents are told vivaciously in the words of the heroine's companion, Mrs. Clementina MacTaggart.

God's Good Man. By Marie Corelli.

A story of love and faith resembling "Thelma" more than any of the books that Miss Corelli has since issued.

The Flight of a Moth. By Emily Post.

A story told vivaciously in the letters of the heroine, a young and beautiful American widow, whose travels in Europe and varied social experiences offer a chance for description of amusing incidents and depicting many types of character.

Nautical Lays of a Landsman. By Wallace Irwin.

Mr. Irwin's verse needs no introduction. These rhymes tell of strange people and creatures from the Constant Cannibal Maiden down to the Deep Sea Gudge and the Chivalous Shark.

Our Friend, the Dog. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

The name of M. Maeterlinck will speak sufficiently for the text, which is presented in an exceedingly felicitous dress. The illustrations are by Paul J. Meylan, and the decorations by Charles B. Falls.

Patty at Home. By Carolyn Wells.

A story that will appeal strongly to the wide number of young readers who already count Patty Fairfield as a dear friend.

The Farm of the Dagger. By Eden Phillpotts.

A romance of the Dartmoor country. A dramatic tale which will be found well worth while by the many admirers of Mr. Phillpotts's writing.

Minnows and Tritons. By B. A. Clarke.

An exceedingly attractive juvenile, telling of the Tyrrell Boys and their friend "the Rabbit."

Behind the Footlights. By Mrs. Alec-Tweedie.

A book of importance to those interested in the literature that deals with the stage and stage personalities. It abounds in anecdotes and impressions of the great people of the theatre of to-day, and of the last half of the nineteenth century.

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A Little Girl in Old Chicago. By Amanda M. Douglas.

This is the tenth in Miss Douglas's successful "The Little Girl" Series. Designed to be particularly attractive to the young people of Chicago, it will undoubtedly interest a great many young people all over the country.

Hearts in Exile. By John Oxenham.

A story of Russia. Hope, the heroine, had two suitors, Palma and Pavloff, and all three belonged to the party of liberty. The tale takes these three characters to Siberia. The plot is stirring and ingenious.

The Revelation of Herself. By Mary Farley Sanborn.

This story needs no introduction to the readers of THE BOOKMAN, in which it ran serially.

The Romance of Isabel Lady Burton. Told in part by Herself and in part by W. H. Wilkins.

A new and cheaper edition in one volume of a very popular and widely known work.

Imaginary Obligations. By Frank Moore Colby.

This book will be discussed later in THE BOOKMAN.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Hills of Freedom. By Joseph Sharts.

A novel in which the leading characters are Gen. Harris, a Mexican War veteran, and a hot-tempered martinet, his son, Tom Harris, and his ward, Julia Randall. He has determined that his son and ward shall marry, and the story deals with their attempt to defeat his purpose. The minor characters are numerous and of varied types.

The Eagle's Shadow. By James Branch Cabell.

A tale of Virginia of the present time, dealing mainly with the effect of wealth upon character. It is the author's first novel, but he has already become known through his short stories.

Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling.

A review of this book was published in the October number of THE BOOKMAN.

The Everett Press:

Sequil; or, Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First. By Henry A. Shute.

A continuation, in the same bad spelling, of the "Real Diary of a Real Boy."

Fox-Duffield and Company:

Pictures by George Frederick Watts.

A very handsome volume containing a reproduction of the best known pictures of the late George Frederick Watts. The introductions and selections are by Julia Ellsworth Ford and Thomas W. Lamont.

The Star of Bethlehem. By Charles Mills Gayley.

A miracle play of the Nativity, reconstructed from the Towneley and other old English cycles of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and supplemented and adapted to modern conditions.

The Happy Heart Family. By Virginia Gerson.

Juvenile.

Herbert Spencer. By Josiah Royce.

The volume contains besides Professor Royce's estimate of Spencer's contribution to the concept of evolution, and his account of Spencer's theories of education, the personal reminiscences of Spencer by James Collier, who for nine years was Spencer's secretary.

Mixed Beasts. By Kenyon Cox.

A nonsense book of verses describing imaginary animals, such as the painter-mine, the octopussycat, the bumblebeaver, the walrustic, the kangarooster, etc., whose mixed characters are hit off in appropriate drawings remarkable for their simplicity of line.

The Canterbury Tales. By Geoffrey Chaucer.

A modern rendering into prose of the prologue and ten tales by Percy Mackaye, author of the "Canterbury Pilgrims," with pictures in colour by Walter Appleton Clark.

The Franklin Printing and Engraving Company:

A Messenger from Santa Claus. By Harvey Scribner.

Juvenile.

The Grafton Press:

A Kittiwake of the Great Kills. By Charles Frederick Stansbury.

A series of short stories about small animals, and taking its title from the first, which tells how the Kittiwake lost her mate through the cruelty of the feather-hunter.

Lyrics of Childhood. By Edward Mayhugh.

A small volume of verses of the class of which Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley have given us the best and most familiar examples.

Underneath the Bough. By George Allan England.

A volume of verses in which love and death are the main themes, but also including some nature verses and a number of translations from French, Italian and Spanish.

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Echoes from the Glen. By William Page Carter.

These Southern poems include poems of sentiment, war poems and dialect verse.

Harper and Brothers:

The Cycle of Life. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D.

Essays dealing chiefly with the problems of the universe—the ultimate fate of the sun, moon, and earth, the laws of gravity and the ether, the wonders of the nebulæ, etc.

The Flower of Youth. By Roy Rolfe Gilson.

A story of child-life in much the same vein as Mr. Gilson's earlier stories.

Love in Chief. By Rose K. Weekes.

The story of the love affairs of an English girl, who though an aristocrat by birth, has been reared in the country and knows nothing of society.

Imperator et Rex (William II. of Germany). By the Author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress."

A book about the much discussed German Kaiser, which will be read by those who like strongly the author's previous works.

Little Precious. By Gertrude Smith. In the class with "River-Land."

River-Land. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

A story for young children.

The Castle Comedy. By Thompson Buchanan. Illustrated and decorated by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

A romance of England in the time of Napoleon, an exciting plot, and, of course, a love story.

Over the Hill to the Poor-House. By Will Carleton. Illustrated by W. E. Mears.

An illustrated holiday edition of Will Carleton's widely known poem.

Henry Holt and Company:

More Cheerful Americans. By Charles Battell Loomis.

The successor to "Cheerful Americans" continues in the same humorous vein and comprises eighteen short stories of the present day, even of the present moment. Among them are "Poe's Raven in an Elevator," "The Song Which Sold," "Their Wedding Day," "The Education of a Butterfly" and "A Suburban Christmas."

The Divine Fire. By May Sinclair.

A story of the son and clerk of a London bookseller, who becomes a poet. The scene is laid chiefly in London and in English country houses. It contains detailed character drawings and introduces a great many types.

Prince Henry's Sailor Boy. By Mary J. Safford.

A story of the German Navy and the adventures of a lad who is picked up in the Baltic Sea by Prince Henry in the course of a yacht cruise. He is befriended by the Prince, placed on board a training ship, and after extensive voyages and many adventures becomes a commissioned officer.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

American Jewish Year Book. 5665. Edited by Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold.

This is the sixth issue of the Jewish Year Book, and is largely biographical in character. It contains a list of over a thousand names, comprising the men and women prominent in the professions in public life. The year's record is written by Cyrus L. Sulzberger. Following the brief biographical sketches of prominent Jews are accounts of the various Jewish societies and institutions, a summary of the passport question in Russia, a list of the best available books in English on Jewish subjects, a list of Jewish periodicals, the record of bequests and gifts, synagogues dedicated, a necrology, and a report of the sixteenth year of the Jewish Publication Society of America, making in all a very complete summary of matters concerning the Jews.

John Lane:

Before the Crisis. By Frederick Blount Mott.

A story dealing with the years preceding the Civil War, and describing the border warfare of Kansas. John Brown is a prominent figure in the story. The incidents take place at the time of the campaigning along the Osage and the Ossawatomie. John Brown's fortunes are closely connected with the love story that runs through the book.

A Later Pepys; The Correspondence of Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart., Master in Chancery 1758-1825, with Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. Hannah More, William Franks, Sir James Macdonald, Major Rennell, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and others. Edited by Miss Alice C. C. Gaussen.

The typography of the book is excellent, and it is admirably illustrated with portraits of the leading beauties and eminent men of the times.

The Still Room. By Mrs. Charles Roundell and Harry Roberts.

A book of household recipes and hints, comprising such topics as: Butter and Cream, Cheese, Pickling Meat, Condiments, Preserves, Home Brewed Beer, Cider, Drinks Old and New, Food for Invalids, Perfume, etc.

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Longmans, Green and Company:

American Short Stories. By Charles S. Baldwin.

In the preface of this book the editor says frankly that his object is not to collect the best American short stories. So delicate a choice may the more readily be left to time, since it must include some authors now living. The introduction discusses the Tale in America before 1835, and Poe's Invention of the Short Story. The body of the book is divided in two parts, the first of which treats of the tentative period of Washington Irving, William Austin, James Hall, and Albert Pike; and the second dealing with the period of the new form in which the editor reprints from Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, N. P. Willis, Caroline Kirkland, Fitz-James O'Brien, Bret Harte, A. F. Webster, Bayard Taylor, H. C. Bunner and Harold Frederic.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

War and Peace. By Leo Tolstoy.

A new and complete translation from the Russian of Count Tolstoy's famous novel. It is published in three handsome volumes.

In the Closed Room. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Pictures in colour by Jessie Willcox Smith.

A brief story of child life, a successor, after about ten years' interval, to "Fauntleroy" and "Sara Crewe." The daughter of a New York janitor finds in the "closed room" that her family is taking care of beautiful toys, and that there is a fairy visitor.

The House of Fulfilment. By George Madden Martin.

A new story by the author of "Emmy Lou." The scene is in the South in the sixties, and the motive is the youthful heroine's realisation of her dream of life through a sincere affection. It is a study of Northern and Southern types of character, and the portraits of five of the female characters are drawn in detail. Its general teaching is that love is the one essential thing in life.

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope.

A story of modern London life, of which the central characters are a young girl full of ideals and enthusiasm, and a stolid matter-of-fact young Englishman whom she marries. The clash of temperaments resulting from such a union is vividly brought out. The threatened disaster is averted by the advice of married friends. The style of the conversation in many parts recalls the "Dolly Dialogues."

The Little Grey House. By Marion Ames Taggart.

A story which shows its characters in their days of prosperity and their days of disaster. To spice the tale there is a boy and girl romance.

Granny's Wonderful Chair. By Frances Browne, with introduction by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

An attractive fairy book.

The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth. By Martin Hume.

A revised edition containing new chapters setting forth the history of the various negotiations for the marriage of the great English queen.

Debonnaire. By W. F. Payson.

The hero of Mr. Payson's book has been compared to Mr. Tarkington's "Monsieur Beaucaire." Louis le Debonnaire, a relative of the King of France, made a wager that he would win the hand of the Belle of New Amsterdam, who was already betrothed to the Governor of the city, and by his wit and his skill at fence won the wager and the maiden with it.

The Macmillan Company:

The Art of Cross-Examination. By Francis L. Wellman.

The first edition of this interesting volume was reviewed some months ago at considerable length in THE BOOKMAN. The second edition contains several new chapters, and has practically been rewritten. An added chapter of interest is that dealing with Mr. Joseph H. Choate's Cross-Examination in the Breach of Promise Case of Martinez v. Del Valle.

From Epicurus to Christ. By William DeWitt Hyde.

Here the author aims by selection from the masters to let them explain in their own words the principles of personality for which they stand. These principles as he classifies them are: The Epicurean Pursuit of Pleasure, The Stoic Law of Self-control, The Platonic Plan for Subordination, The Aristotelian Sense of Proportion and The Christian Spirit of Love.

Sabrina Warham. By Laurence Housman.

The scene is laid in the English farm country, and the heroine is a young girl who, on the death of her father, falls to the charge of an ill-tempered uncle. As a means of escape she consents to marry a man whom she does not love, and the story explains how this calamity was averted. The minor characters are drawn with careful detail.

Red Cap Tales. By S. R. Crockett.

Here Mr. Crockett tells over in his own way stories from four of Scott's novels: "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Rob Roy," and "The Antiquary" in the hope that when presented in a brief and simple form they will pave the way for young readers to Scott's novels themselves.

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Argumentation and Debate. By Craven Laycock and Robert Leighton Scales.

Educational.

History of Education in the United States. By Edwin Grant Dexter, Ph.D.

In the first part of this work the author has traced the growth of the people's schools from the beginning in Virginia, early in the seventeenth century, down to the present time. Part II. treats of higher and special education. Part III. of educational extension.

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair.

Mr. Upton Sinclair attained some little reputation of an unfavourable nature by the publication of his preposterous "The Journal of Arthur Stirling." The present book, as its name suggests, is a tale of the Civil War. The story ends with the disastrous rout of Bull Run.

Guns, Ammunition and Tackle. By A. W. Money and others.

This volume, which is edited by Mr. Caspar Whitney, should have a keen interest for sportsmen. The pages dealing with "The Shot-Gun and Its Handling" are written by Captain A. W. Money, who begins with the interesting declaration that the American, as a rule, can outshoot the Englishman. The "Hunting Rifle" is discussed by Horace Kephart; "The Theory of Rifle Shooting," by W. F. Carlin; "The Pistol and Revolver," by A. L. A. Himmelwright; and "The Artificial Fly," by John Harrington Keene.

How We Are Clothed. By James Franklin Chamberlain, Ed.B.

Containing a great many facts designed for young readers.

Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. By Ralph Hartt Bowles, A.M.

This reprint of a very famous poem contains an introduction setting forth briefly the main events in the life of the Wizard of the North. There is a map of the region with which the poem deals.

Westminster Abbey. By Mrs. A. Murray Smith.

A handsome book containing twenty-one full page illustrations in colour.

Doctor Tom. By John Williams Streeter.

Will be reviewed later.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

Twenty-Five Ghost Stories. By W. Bob Holland.

These include, among others, Poe's "Black Cat" and "The Flayed Hand" by Guy de Maupassant.

The Sorceress. By George Morehead.

A romantic story based upon Sardou's famous play "The Sorceress," closely following in the narrative the action of the play.

James Pott and Company:

Men and Manners of the Third Republic. By Albert D. Vandam.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and His Circle. By Henry T. Dunn.

The author, who died in February, 1899, was a painter, and himself a personal friend of Rossetti's, with whose methods of work he was familiar. He was in close personal association with him, and the recollections contain details of a kind unknown to other biographers of Rossetti.

Studies of a Booklover. By Thomas Marc Parrott.

A book of literary essays not intended to be complete discussions, but to bring out certain aspects or record certain impressions. They are critical and biographical. Among the biographical sketches are those of Johnson and Goldsmith. Other topics treated are the poetry of Matthew Arnold, the limitations of Gray's genius, the romanticism of Scott, and certain aspects of Browning.

Napoleon's British Visitors and Captives. By J. Goldworth Alger.

This book deals with material of some importance to the history of France, as well as of England. It abounds in personal details, which the author has run down with much diligence, including the gossip of the time and many incidents that illustrate the spirit of the period.

Our West Indian Neighbors. By Frederick A. Ober.

The author has for thirty years been familiar with the West Indies, and in this volume treats of the entire archipelago lying between the two Americas. It contains detailed and accurate description, much new material, and, owing to the author's varied experience, covers a wide range of topics.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More. First series.

A volume of critical essays containing sympathetic appreciations of Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson and Carlyle, a thoughtful discussion of the science of English verse, the philosophy of Tolstoy, the love poetry of Arthur Simons and other topics mainly of a literary character. The last essay in the book, however, entitled "Religious Ground of Humanitarianism," deals with the failure of humanitarians to discriminate between the ideals of religion and the ideals of the world.

Jane Cunningham Croly ("Jenny June)." By J. C. Croly.

A volume prepared by Mrs. Caroline M. Morse, the chairman of the Jenny June Memorial Committee of the Women's Press Club of New York City. There is

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a memoir by Jenny June's brother, John Cunningham, D.D., and this is followed by contributions from many who had been closely associated with her.

Indian Life in Town and Country. By Herbert Compton.

An attempt to present in clear and concise form an account of the conditions of life in India.

Narragansett Bay. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

A detailed account of Narragansett Bay and its surroundings, including its historic and romantic associations.

Mr. Wind and Madam Rain. By Paul De Musset.

A reprint of De Musset's famous child's story.

Earthquakes. By Major Clarence Edward Dutton.

An attempt to incorporate in a single volume the results of recent progress in the science of seismology.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Every Day Essays. By Marion Foster Washburne. Illustrated by Ruth Mary Hallock.

This volume comprises essays on such everyday home topics as may be indicated by the titles Every Morning's Comedy, Mother and Child, Home, When Everything is Wrong, The Spirit of Christmas, etc.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

That Sweet Story of Old. By Margaret E. Sangster.

A story of the life of Jesus told in such form as might induce young people to study the New Testament for themselves.

The Finest Baby in the World. By Theadorer.

The identity of the author is concealed, but it is written from a man's point of view. There is a humorous motive in the book, but here and there a touch of serious religious and moral reflection.

Divided. By Clara E. Laughlin.

A short story based on Jean Ingelow's poem "Divided." It is published in the Gift Book Series.

Children of the Forest. By Egerton R. Young.

A story of love and adventure among the American Indians. The characters are Indians, whose habits and characteristics are known by the writer from intimate association.

If I Were a Girl Again. By Lucy Elliot Keeler.

The writer, a relative of the late President Hayes, and a frequent visitor at the White House, includes in this volume brief papers on subjects that chiefly fall within the range of manners, conversation and daily reading. It takes its title from the first paper. Among other essays are those on the Vulnerable Heel, Bleaching the Brain, Cerebral Creases, The Fair Flower, Letter Writing, Recipes for Thinking, What's in a Name, Taking Offence, The Grace of Explanation, etc.

The Round Table Press:

The Anas of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by Franklin B. Sawvel, Ph.D.

The object of the author is to present a complete edition of the "Anas" in a single volume. The work is prefaced by an introduction and biographical sketch by the editor.

Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company:

British Poets of the Nineteenth Century. By Curtis Hidden Page, Ph.D.

Selections from Wordsworth, Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Landor, Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Clough, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, and Swinburne, edited by Curtis Hidden Page, Ph.D. It is designed for the purpose of including in one volume all the material required for a college or university course in the British poets of that period.

The Science Press:

Theory of Mental and Social Measurements. By Edward L. Thorndike. Educational.

Scott-Thaw Company:

The Science of Life. By Mrs. Craigie.

A small volume comprising John Oliver Hobbes's (Mrs. Craigie's) essay on the subject. It is the first of the Science of Life Series; the second volume being Health and Holiness, by Francis Thompson.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

History of Andrew Jackson. By Augustus C. Buell. 2 vols.

The author, who had made a life study of Jackson, died before he had written the preface to accompany these volumes, but he had already indicated his point of view. In his correspondence on the subject, he strongly emphasized his determination to treat the subject in a thoroughly American spirit. He consulted not only the books, pamphlets and public records relating to Jackson, but made a special point of interviewing personally many prominent persons who were closely associated with him in their lives.

The Theory of Business Enterprise. By Thorstein Veblen.

Reviewed in the current number of this magazine.

The Soldier of the Valley. By Nelson Lloyd.

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A love story of a young soldier who returns wounded to his village, where he becomes the schoolmaster and village hero.

Rhymes and Jingles. By Mary Mapes Dodge.

This new edition of the verses contains besides the pieces which have previously appeared, a number of new rhymes and jingles. They are meant mainly for young people.

The Food of the Gods. By H. G. Wells.

A new story in which Mr. Wells again proves his ingenuity and power of imagination in describing the possible results of scientific discovery.

Poems of Childhood. By Eugene Field. Illustrated by Maxfield Parrish.

A reprint of Mr. Field's well-known book with coloured illustrations.

A History of the Ancient World. By George Stephen Goodspeed, Ph.D.

Educational.

A Parody Anthology. Collected by Carolyn Wells.

A collection of parodies gathered from a great variety of sources, including many recent ones, as well as parodies of long standing.

Shaw and Borden Company:

Leaves of Knowledge. By Elma MacGibbon.

A volume of separate essays, each describing the places visited by the author, as she saw them at different seasons of the year.

The Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Closed Book. By William LeQueux.

A story of the discovery by one Godfrey Lovel of an old manuscript which proves that Lucrezia Borgia did not commit the crimes imputed to her. The story is marked by many exciting incidents. The author was for several years engaged in research among Italian manuscripts.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Queen's Advocate. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

A story of adventure involving the escape of an imprisoned Servian Princess who is saved from her pursuers by the American hero. The story is founded on the lives of the murdered King and Queen of Servia.

A Chicago Princess. By Robert Barr.

A humorous story of an over-rich Chicago girl with a mania for titled people, who accompanies her father on his yacht in a tour to the East and visits the court of the Emperor of Korea, who falls in love with her. A description of these and other adventures gives a chance for vivid narration and for satirising the habits of the American newly rich.

J. F. Taylor and Company:

The Little Kingdom of Home. By Margaret E. Sangster.

A message, as the author says, to the home-makers of America. Its spirit may be illustrated by the title headings of the various chapters, for example, Bride and Groom, Relations-in-Law, Where Shall the Home be, How Shall the Home be Furnished, The Coming of Children, The Training of Children, Bricks without Straw.

D. B. Updike, the Merrymount Press:

The Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. By Ascanio Condivi.

Collected by Ascanio Condivi De La Ripa Transone. A font of type has been invented and used for the first time in printing this book, with a view to preserving the form and decorative quality of early Italian typography. The edition is limited to 275 copies.

Boston.

Richard G. Badger:

Poems and Songs. By J. R. Newell.

Freedom. By Alice Groff.

A Pioneer Doctor. By Elizabeth Porter Gould.

One's Self I Sing. By Elizabeth Porter Gould.

Of these four Badger publications two are poems, one a short play, and one a novel.

Dana, Estes and Company:

The Story of Little Paul. From the "Dombey and Son" of Charles Dickens. Edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

This volume in the Famous Children of Literature Series presents the history of Little Paul Dombey, retaining substantially the language of "Dombey and Son," but abridging the narrative considerably.

Lou. By Harriet A. Cheever.

The story of a little girl who ran away from a Home for Children, made new friends, who took her with them in their voyages around the world. In the end she found her mother, whom she had long thought to be dead. It is told in a very simple style.

Lady Spider. In the King's House.

A story for children in which Lady Spider, who lives high up in the corner of the reception room in the king's palace, described the life of the Royal Family as she observes it from her lofty perch at the top of a great picture frame.

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Ginn and Company:

How the United States Became a Nation. By John Fiske.

A reprint of John Fiske's brief but compact and luminous discussion of critical periods in our history. The topics included are: Period of Weakness, Second War with Great Britain, The Rise of the Democracy, The Slave Power and The Civil War.

Some Successful Americans. By Sherman Williams.

A collection of brief sketches of prominent Americans written to meet the needs of school boys. The author believes that while there are many good works of biography, a single volume which should deal with both men and women, and including persons working in different fields, would prove helpful to the people. The subjects of these sketches are: Abraham Lincoln, Peter Cooper, Horace Greeley, Mary Lyon, Cyrus Hall McClintock, Frances Willard, Louisa M. Alcott, Alexander H. Stephens, Leland Stanford, Charles Pratt, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Eli Whitney, Henry Clay and Benjamin Franklin.

Bethink Yourselves! By Leo Tolstoy.

Tolstoy's appeal to his countrymen and the rest of the world on the occasion of the Russo-Japanese War, printed first in the London "Times," is here reprinted in pamphlet form in order that so remarkable a document and one so widely commented on at the time may be readily accessible.

Elementary Woodworking. By Edwin W. Foster.

D. H. Heath and Company:

Favourite Greek Myths. By Lilian S. Hyde.

Educational. The object of this book is to present in a single volume in the form adapted to the needs of children in the graded schools, the more important Greek myths, and such as have had the most influence upon literature and the fine arts.

Henry IV. Part I. Edited by Frederic W. Moorman, B.A., Ph.D.

Another volume in the Arden Shakespeare Series, which now includes eighteen plays.

The Western United States. By Harold Wellman Fairbanks, Ph.D.

Educational. A volume describing the most striking features of Western physical geography and their influence upon the discovery, settlement and development of the region, and intended to accompany the regular text books in geography as supplementary reading for grammar grades.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Affair at the Inn. By Kate Douglas Wiggin and others.

The story of an automobile courtship, comprising an account of incidents supposed to have happened recently in a Devonshire inn. Each of the four authors has developed a character in the story. The tale moves briskly and is told in the spirit of light comedy.

His Majesty's Sloop Diamond Rock. By H. S. Huntington.

A story of a boy's adventures founded on an incident of West Indian history. The historical side of it is not important; the main interest is in the narrative of the boy's experiences. The author lived several years in the region where the scenes are laid and has for a long time made a special study of South American and West Indian history. Diamond rock is a real rock in the ocean off the coast of Martinique.

The Private Tutor. By Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

A modern story of an unpractical private tutor to the son of an American multi-millionaire, whom he accompanies abroad. The scene is laid in Rome with a view to presenting a contrast between a setting rich in ancient associations, and the very modern thoughts and manners of the characters. The difficulties of the tutor with his burdensome young charge and various complications constitute the main part of the narrative.

From the Garden of Hellas. By Lilla Cabot Perry.

Translations into verse from the Greek Anthology. The author has chosen from a large number of the anthologists in order to represent every variety, and has aimed, so far as possible, at literal fidelity.

Nature's Invitation. Notes of a Bird Gazer North and South. By Bradford Torrey.

A collection of papers contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly," and in weekly letters to the newspapers. They record the impressions of a naturalist in the course of his sojourn in various parts of the country, including general descriptions of scenery, as well as more minute observations of forest life.

Science and Immortality. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S.

An essay in which Dr. Osler, one of the leading medical authorities in America, discusses philosophically the problem of a future life.

The Apology of Ayliffe. By Ellen Olney Kirk.

A story of New York life in which the author has tried to bring the better qualities of New York society into the prospectus. It centres around the experiences

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of Ayliffe Grant, a buoyant and attractive New York girl and her many acquaintances.

The De Monarchia of Dante Alighieri. By Aurelia Henry.

This presents the De Monarchia in an available English version. It has twice been translated into English, but one of the translations is out of print, and the other was published for private circulation only.

A Book of Little Boys. By Helen Dawes Brown.

Juvenile.

The Flower Princess. By Abbie Farwell Brown.

Juvenile. A collection of short stories for children, of which the first one gives the title to the book.

Compromises. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D.

Like Miss Repplier's previous essays, these are mainly on literary subjects, and, needless to say, even when other topics are treated, Miss Repplier's familiarity with books is shown by her frequent and apt allusion and quotation. Among the titles of these essays are: "The Luxury of Conversation," "The Gaiety of Life," "Marriage and Fiction," "French Love Songs," "The Pilgrim's Staff," and "Our Belief in Books."

Journalism and Literature. By H. W. Boynton.

The author of these essays has been for several years the reviewer for the "Atlantic Monthly" in the regular department, entitled "Current Books," and the substance of these papers has appeared in that magazine and elsewhere. Some of them, such as the initial essay on "Journalism and Literature," that on the "Reading Public," and that on the "Writing Public" were widely commented upon at the time of their appearance. The wide range of topics may be inferred from such titles as "Owning Books," "Poetry and the Stage," "Poetry and the Commonplace," "Literature as a By-Product," "American Humour" and "Reviewer and Critic."

Laird and Lee:

Santa Claus' Wonderful Candy Circus. By Olive Aye.

Juvenile.

Lee and Shepard:

The Knitting of the Souls. By Maude Clark Gay.

An historical novel dealing with the early history of Boston. The hero is the foster-son of Governor Bellingham; the heroine, the wife of a commissioner sent out by Charles II. King Philip's War is interwoven with the plot of the story. Many episodes and incidents give a chance for vivid and dramatic narration.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Mysterious Beacon Light. By George E. Walsh.

A story of the adventures of four boys cast adrift on an ice-floe, by the author of "The Mysterious Burglar" and other books. He is also known as a frequent magazine contributor.

Rose in Bloom. } By Louisa M. Alcott.
Eight Cousins. }

These two volumes appear in continuation of the illustrated reprints of her stories. "Little Women," "Little Men," "An Old Fashioned Girl," and "Jo's Boys" have already been published in this series.

The Boy Captive of Old Deerfield. By Mary P. Wells Smith.

An historical novel founded on some of the experiences of captives at Deerfield in 1704, especially of a lad who was kept a prisoner by the Indians for over a year. It is the beginning of a new series, written in the spirit of the Young Puritan Series, and will be devoted to the attack on Deerfield by the French and to the events that followed.

Nathalie's Sister. By Anna Chapin Ray.

This completes the series of Teddy stories, and is a sequel to "Ursula's Freshman."

The Intellectual Life. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.

An additional volume in the new illustrated edition of Hamerton's works.

L. C. Page and Company:

Classic Myths in Art. By Julia de W. Addison.

An account of Greek myths as illustrated by Greek artists. A new volume in the Art Lovers' Series.

The Friendship of Art. By Bliss Carman.

A book of short essays of which the scope will appear from the following titles: The Burdens of Joy, The Tides of the Mind, Of Contentment, Of Training of Instinct, Sea Turn, Speech Culture and Literature, and The Critical Spirit.

Rome. By Walter Taylor Field. 2 vols.

These two new volumes in the Travel Lover Series point out the best way of seeing the chief objects of interest in Rome in the course of a twelve days' journey. One volume deals with Pagan Rome, and the other with Papal Rome. The author is Professor of Ancient History in the University of Chicago.

Modern Composers of Europe. By Arthur Elson.

An account of the most recent musical progress in the various European nations

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with critical and biographical sketches of the contemporary musical leaders of each country.

The Cathedrals of England. By M. J. Taber.

A companion volume to the "Cathedrals of Northern France" and the "Cathedrals of Southern France," by Francis Miltoun. It aims to state briefly and comprehensively the salient features of each of the thirty cathedrals of England.

Pipes of Pan No. IV. Songs from a Northern Garden. By Bliss Carman.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Pilgrim Hymnal.

Herbert B. Turner and Company:

The Story of a Lie and Other Tales. By R. L. Stevenson.

A reprint of three of Stevenson's famous short stories in a 16mo edition. Besides "The Story of a Lie," the volume contains "The Misadventures of John Nicholson" and "The Body-Snatcher." The same publishers also issue this collection in 12mo.

Gabriel Praed's Castle. By Alice Jones.

A story of life in Paris turning on the readiness with which rich Americans fall the victims to clever Parisian swindlers.

Chicago.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Wandering Twins. By Mary Bourchier Sanford.

The story of the adventures of two children in Labrador.

Farmington. By Clarence S. Darrow.

This is the simple account of the author's boyhood in a Pennsylvania village. It was read in manuscript by Mr. William Dean Howells, who is said to have expressed his admiration in no uncertain terms.

H. S. Stone and Company:

Roland of Altenburg. By Edward Mott Woolley.

The hero is a reigning prince and the heroine a modern American girl. The scene opens in New York and continues in a European principality. It is a story of adventure and of love at first sight.

Cleveland.

The Clark Company:

Historic Highways. Vol. 13. Great American Canals, Vol. I. By Archer Butler Hulbert.

The present volume, the thirteenth in this series, deals with the Potomac Company and its successor, the Chesapeake and Ohio Company, and finally the Pennsylvania Canal.

The Philippine Islands, 1493-1898. Vol. XVIII., 1617-1620. Edited and annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with historical introduction and additional notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne.

Explorations by early navigators, descriptions of the islands and their peoples, their history and records of the Catholic missions, as related in contemporaneous books and manuscripts, showing the political, economic, commercial and religious conditions of those islands from their earliest relations with European nations to the close of the nineteenth century.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN.

1. Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Wings of Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Green Diamond. Morrison. (Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentanos.) $1.25.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Green Diamond. Morrison. (Page & Co.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Seeker. Wilson. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.

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ATLANTA, GA.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Cost. Phillip. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Georgians. Harben. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The President. Lewis. (Barnes & Co.) $1.50.
2. Cap'n Eri. Lincoln. (Barnes & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sequil. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.50.
4. The Foolish Dictionary. Wurdz. (Luce.) 75 cents.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Challoners. Benson. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Woodcarver of Lymus. Waller. (Little-Brown.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The President. Lewis. (Barnes & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Vergilius. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.

DENVER, COL.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Tillie. Martin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Vergilius. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Grafters. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Silent Places. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Order No. 11. Stanley. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Four Roads to Paradise. Goodwin. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
3. In Miners' Mirage Land. Strobridge. (Artemisia Bindery.) $1.50 net.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

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MONTREAL, CAN.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
2. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
3. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (McLeod-Allen.) $1.25.
4. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Blazed Trail Stories. White. (Morang.) $1.50.
6. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Old Gorgon Graham Letters. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Vergilius. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
4. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Vergilius. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Seeker. Wilson. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. Sequil. Shute. (Everett Press.) $1.00.
4. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Memoirs of a Baby. Daskam. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
2. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.08.
3. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.08.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.08.
6. The Yoke. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.08.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.20.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.20.
3. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.20.
4. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.20.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.20.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Vergilius. Bacheller. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00 net.
5. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Prosit. Clotho. (Elder.) $1.25.
2. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Day of the Dog. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.25.
6. Man and Superman. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.50.
3. The Pillar of Light. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (McLeod & Allen.) 25c. and 50c.
5. The Little Shepherd. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. He that Eatheth Bread. Keays. (Musson & Co.) 75c. and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Bred in the Bone. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rulers of Kings. Atherton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Silent Places. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Castaway. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Sir Mortimer. Johnston. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Dorothea. Maartens. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Cost. Phillips. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
4. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Queen's Quair. Hewlett. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Beverly of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Nancy Stair. Lane. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Rose of Old St. Louis. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Last Hope. Merriman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Brave Hearts. Fraser. (Scribner.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
" "	2d	" "	"		8
" "	3d	" "	"		7
" "	4th	" "	"		6
" "	5th	" "	"		5
" "	6th	" "	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in order of demand during the month are:

1. A Ladder of Swords. Parker. (Harper.) $1.50..... 152
2. In the Bishop's Carriage. Michelson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50..... 121
3. The Crossing. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50..... 119
4. The Affair at the Inn. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25..... 83
5. The Rose of Old St. Louis.. Dillon. (Century Co.) $1.50..... 74
6. Old Gorgon Graham. Lorimer. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50..... 71

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